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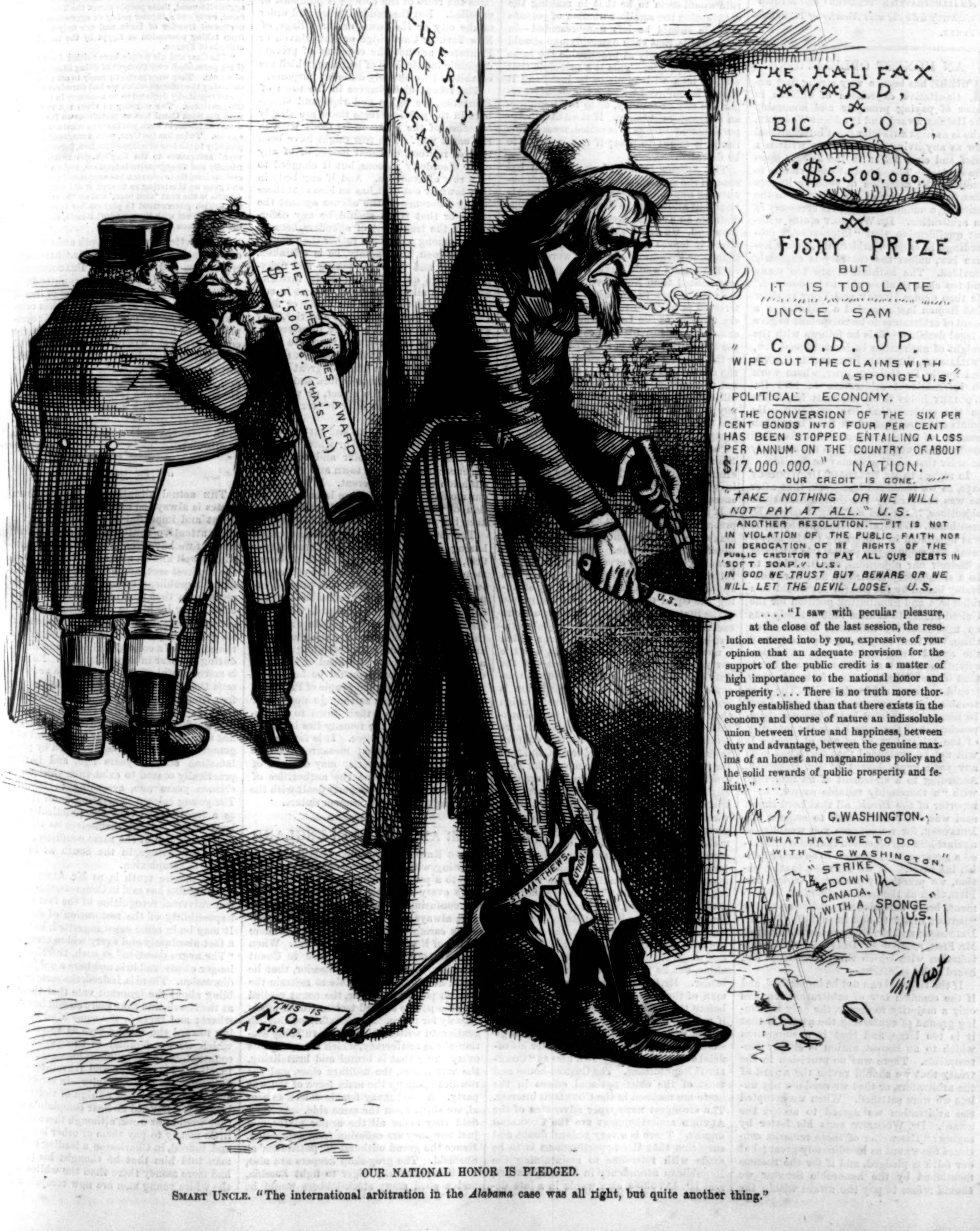
LIBERTY (OF PAYING AS WE PLEASE,) WITH A SPONGE.
THE FISHERIES AWARD $5.500.000. (THAT'S ALL.)
THE HALIFAX AWARD, A BIG C.O.D, $5.500.000. A FISHY PRIZE
BUT IT IS TOO LATE
UNCLE SAM C.O.D. UP.
"WIPE OUT THE CLAIMS WITH A SPONGE U.S."
POLITICAL ECONOMY.
"THE CONVERSION OF THE SIX PER CENT BONDS INTO FOUR PER CENT HAS BEEN STOPPED ENTAILING A LOSS PER ANNUM ON THE COUNTRY OF ABOUT $17.000.000." NATION.
OUR CREDIT IS GONE.
"TAKE NOTHING OR WE WILL NOT PAY AT ALL." U.S.
ANOTHER RESOLUTION.—"IT IS NOT IN VIOLATION OF THE PUBLIC FAITH NOR IN DEROGATION OF THE RIGHTS OF THE PUBLIC CREDITOR TO PAY ALL OUR DEBTS IN 'SOFT SOAP.'" U.S.
IN GOD WE TRUST BUT BEWARE OR WE WILL LET THE DEVIL LOOSE. U.S.
...."I saw with peculiar pleasure, at the close of the last session, the resolution entered into by you, expressive of your opinion that an adequate provision for the support of the public credit is a matter of high importance to the national honor and prosperity .... There is no truth more thoroughly established than that there exists in the economy and course of nature an indissoluble union between virtue and happiness, between duty and advantage, between the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous policy and the solid rewards of public prosperity and felicity."....
G. WASHINGTON.
"WHAT HAVE WE TO DO WITH G WASHINGTON."
"STRIKE DOWN CANADA. WITH A SPONGE" U.S.
U.S.
ST. MATTHEWS.
UTION.
THIS IS NOT A TRAP.
Th: Nast

OUR NATIONAL HONOR IS PLEDGED.

SMART UNCLE. "The international arbitration in the *Alabama* case was all right, but quite another thing."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 6, 1878.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a fine view of the interior of the Mosque of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, and a spirited double-page engraving from one of* Stanley's *African sketches.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

AN HONEST OBLIGATION.

THERE has been a very strong and authoritative expression of opinion in favor of paying promptly and honorably the Halifax award, and President Woolsey, who is as high authority upon international law as any living American, has written a brief and clear letter to the *Tribune* upon the subject. The object of the letter is to question the assertion of Senator Blaine that, in the absence of a stipulation to the contrary, a unanimous award is necessary in an arbitration. Dr. Woolsey states without qualification that "international proceedings, in cases of arbitration, follow Roman law, unless the contrary is expressly provided. The authorities are too many and too clear to allow this to be doubted." He then quotes Ulpian and Voet to show that Roman law regarded a majority in a board of arbitrators to be competent to give a legal decision. This he follows with the weight of authorities in international law, Phillimore, Heffter, Bluntschli, Calvo, and finally Dr. Goldschmidt, whose work on international arbitration in 1874 Dr. Woolsey holds to be the most important on the subject that has appeared. He points out, also, that where there is an even number of arbitrators provision is often made for an umpire, and it is done usually in order that a majority may be possible.

In regard to Mr. Delfosse, Dr. Woolsey says, as we remarked last week, that after he was accepted by the United States our objections, if we had any, ought not to be mentioned. When, after resistance by us, he was appointed in conformity to the agreement, and we made no protest, we virtually withdrew our objections, admitted him to be a satisfactory arbitrator, and were honorably bound by the award. It would be a ridiculous and humiliating position for the United States to confess that not only was an unsatisfactory arbitrator forced upon them, but that they did not protest until the award went against them. The presumption of such a position is too evident, that if the award had been favorable, they would not have objected at all. The only tenable ground upon which the award can be honorably resisted is the successful impeachment of the capacity or the integrity of the arbitrators, or of any of them. It will not be pretended that there has been any such impeachment of Mr. Delfosse. According to a statement of an interview with "a thoroughly reliable source," by a reporter of the *Herald*, all that Lord Ripon said was, "We don't want to suggest Mr. Delfosse, for we suppose you would raise against him the objection that he represented a government supposed to be under British influence." If we did raise that objection, we practically withdrew it, and Mr. Fish, then at the head of the State Department, bears unequivocal testimony to the "perfect integrity and impartiality" of Mr. Delfosse; and Mr. Evarts, the successor of Mr. Fish, assured Mr. Delfosse of the satisfaction with which this Government had heard of his selection.

If the tribunal can not be impeached, and if the common law of arbitration requires only a majority to decide, the only remaining ground of contesting the award is that it is too large, and that is a suggestion which to an honest nation is simply contemptible. There was no provision in the treaty that we should revise the award of the arbitrators, or that we need not pay unless we were satisfied. When we accepted the arbitration we agreed to accept the award. Dr. Woolsey ends his letter by saying: "The writer of these remarks considers the award as inordinately great; but our faith is pledged, and if for the reasons mentioned by the honorable Senator we should refuse to pay the award within the time agreed upon, England would have a claim against us, and Belgium a ground of complaint for a want of courtesy to her ambassador."

LEGISLATIVE APPORTIONMENT IN NEW YORK.

The question of apportionment in this State is not so simple as is sometimes supposed. It would not be a very difficult matter to settle if the problem were only to divide the number of the population, as given by the last census, by the number of Assemblymen, and to empower the people represented in each case by the result to vote for one member. This would be a very easy sum to reckon. But the Constitution of the State provides that every county shall have at least one member of Assembly, and this provision entitles twenty-two counties to a member without regard to the general ratio of representation. This, of course, greatly complicates the matter, and the fair rule would seem to be that in making the distribution the smallest number of persons possible should be left unrepresented—in other words, that each Assemblyman should represent as nearly as practicable the same number of people. This is a principle that all fair men will admit to be just; and it should be enforced without the slightest regard to city or country, or to the Republican or Democratic party. If the Alvord Apportionment Bill, as it is called, secures this result, it ought to pass; if not, it ought to be defeated.

The Albany *Evening Journal*, which has studied the subject carefully, but which has a strong Republican bias, states that the Alvord bill allows to the New York and Kings districts an average excess of less than four thousand, while to thirty-nine rural districts it leaves an average excess of more than four thousand. In other words, these rural districts would have more people unrepresented than New York and Brooklyn. It is not a fact to be taken upon any interested or partisan representation, but every member of the Legislature is bound to satisfy himself by his own calculation upon the authentic figures of the census; and after the discovery of the singular omissions in the drawing of the bill, he is equally bound not to accept any statement contained in a bill, but to figure the sum out for himself. In any case, there is nothing more preposterous than making such a bill a matter for a party caucus. Party considerations have rightfully no more to do with it than with the appropriations for carrying on the government; and it is just one of the measures in which party narrowness imperils party success.

It is easy in a political condition like the present for the Republican Legislature to make an apportionment which will lose the Republicans the State. There is great impatience of twisting every thing in a doubtful way to a mere party advantage. The apportionment is a great public duty affecting the equal representation of the people of the State, and if a Republican Legislature executes the trust in a manner plainly evasive and partisan, or in any manner which is not palpably equable and intelligible, the party will pay the penalty. It is not the duty or the right of the Legislature to assume that some part of the population is less intelligent or worthy of representation than some other part. It may be indisputable that the truly wise and conservative sentiment is to be found in the country rather than in the cities and towns, and that the State would be very much better governed if the kind of members that are usually sent to the Legislature from many districts in New York and Brooklyn were wholly excluded. But the Constitution gives no authority to the Legislature to make such a discrimination, directly or indirectly, and to make it evidently in the interest of the party would alienate the very sympathy which is indispensable to party success in the State. The Republican majority in the Legislature may well ponder the fact that there is great Republican discontent. Senator Conkling, the head of the existing party organization in the State, has unquestionably the power of the machine, but he is in no true sense a popular leader. Mr. Smyth, the "Conkling" chairman of the State Committee, is upon trial before the Senate for violation of the law, if not for misdemeanor, and the published names of noted politicians to whom large sums of money have been paid under his official auspices are all known also as "Conkling" Republicans. The Custom-house and most of the chief national offices in the State are manned in the Conkling interest. The strongest newspaper advocates of the Alvord apportionment are the Conkling organs. There is a very general doubt and suspicion that the apportionment is to be made with reference to maintaining the Republican ascendency in the Legislature, and Mr. Alvord's own words in a late debate give some color to this suggestion. These things are not favorable to success. The gentlemen of the Legislature may be very sure that the only way to unite and strengthen the party and to allay discontent is to make a plainly just apportionment.

TOWN AND GOWN.

If a party of rowdies should break the peace by rioting and fighting in any of the streets of New York, they would not escape arrest and imprisonment under the plea that they were students of Columbia College. Pistols are not to be fired nor heads or noses broken in a row under the pretense of high spirits, and the police authorities would laugh to learn that it was a matter for President Barnard or Professor Drisler to regulate. This community keeps its own peace, and whoever breaks it does so at his peril. In their recitation and lecture rooms the distinguished teachers of whom we speak undoubtedly keep order, and whoever violates the rules of the college is punished or expelled. But the general peace and order of the city or the town or the village, of New York or Cambridge or New Haven or Princeton, are not the concerns of private or public institutions of learning, which are established for entirely different purposes.

The recent disturbances in the town of Princeton, the fights and riots and shootings in the public streets there, are simply breaches of the peace to be dealt with in the usual way. The row might have been that of railroad or canal hands, or of any other disorderly persons, but it chanced to be a row of students. And if any body in that town or out of it has an idea that there is any difference in the offense against the peace, or that there should be any difference in the treatment of offenders, because it was among collegians rather than among the workmen in a factory, he is mistaken. "Hazing" and practical joking and "skylarking" are quite as familiar in factories and among all collections of men as in colleges; and in all, when the frolic or fight rises into actual disturbance and riot, they are equally matters for police interference. It was not so formerly, and there are those who seem to think for that reason it should not be so now. When scions of great houses brought their retainers to Oxford and fought out their feuds in the street, or when, as Green says, "at night-fall roisterer and reveller roamed with torches through the narrow lanes, defying bailiffs and cutting down burghers at their doors," or when a tavern squabble between scholar and townsman widened into a fight of town and gown, the situation was very different. In the eye of our modern police a college is but a collection of persons, who, like all others, must keep the peace or pay the usual penalty.

The mean and sneaking business called hazing can be managed in three ways: first, by the vigorous resistance of every means of self-defense on the part of the persons attacked; second, by the prompt expulsion of the cowardly offenders by the college authorities; and third, when the disturbance involves the public order, by the police. Hazing is only the most cowardly bullying, and if in defending himself a young man breaks the head or the neck of another, the result should be held to be justifiable. If the good people of Princeton are liable to be shot as they go upon their lawful occasions, or their town to be disturbed by rioters, the remedy lies in an increase of the police force. It is for the college to consider what measures its own reputation and prosperity may demand of it. In the mean time the authorities of Princeton have very properly dealt with the offending students as common rioters.

WAR AND PEACE IN ENGLAND.

The European situation is still very interesting, with the chances apparently favorable to a peaceful solution. The cable reports every morning are as contradictory and confusing as the report of mere rumors must always be. In England the war feeling is carefully fostered, but there is more hatred of Russia than desire for war. When Lord Beaconsfield lately said to Count Münster, the German ambassador, that he feared he should not be able to restrain the English people from war, the count replied that the people seemed to him almost unanimously for peace. A well-informed English gentleman writes: "The more ruffianly section of the aristocracy, which always wants every thing that is brutal and brutalizing, the war trades, the military class, and the rowdies make up the main force of the war party. A good many female voices, as usual, are shrill upon the same side. At Sheffield they make all the armor plates, and just now they are suffering from depression. Hence the grand outburst of 'patriotism' at Sheffield. The grog-shop keepers are also, I believe, generally eager to fight *Roo*shia, and a good many stock-jobbers would be glad, for an obvious purpose, to have a war."

The writer does not say that there is no danger of war. He thinks that "our miraculous Premier," as Carlyle calls him, may play another trick with more success, or that Russia, exasperated beyond endurance by the treatment she has received from England, may strike a blow. This treatment, indeed, is quite unprecedented. Part of the English cabinet and a large party in Parliament have studiously insulted Russia from the beginning. What the writer from whom we have quoted says upon this point is well worth attention:

> "The torrent of vulgar, insolent, and slanderous bluster against Russia recalls the similar torrent poured out by the very same lips against you during the civil war. 'Hypocritical ambition' is the only motive by which the Czar and his people can be actuated, just as 'beauty and booty' was yours. It is impossible that they can have been really moved by atrocities perpetrated on their kinsmen and co-religionists a hundred times worse than those perpetrated on Englishmen by the Indian mutineers, which were followed by mad cries for vengeance, to which fearful effect was given. And in the midst of this declamation against Russian aggrandizement, these people annex the Transvaal by force, carry out a regular policy of aggression on the northwest frontier of India, and are only prevented from taking possession of Egypt by the threatening attitude of France.
>
> "The Czar and his people have neither done us nor (I am persuaded) ever thought of doing us any shadow of wrong. They were perfectly ready to act with us in enforcing the reforms which we had ourselves solemnly and repeatedly declared to be necessary in the Turkish provinces. The warning to them not to meddle with the Suez Canal was as gratuitous an insult as it would be for me to warn you that you must not steal my spoons. Twice has the Czar, with a magnanimous superiority to the fear of misconstruction, personally conveyed assurances to the English government of his friendly and unaggressive intentions, and on both occasions Lord Beaconsfield has suppressed the dispatch and gone on blustering as though it did not exist.... Austria is the next 'sick man,' and on the attempts of the British government to play on her fears, and induce her to act with them against Russia, the game at the Conference will turn."

Such a letter shows the depth and strength of the English feeling which Mr. Gladstone represents, and which Lord Beaconsfield will hardly care openly to encounter by a headlong war policy. The conduct of Russia has thus far been so wise that it has commanded the larger part of cool outside sympathy, and has put the English war party constantly in the wrong. The incapacity of the English Administration is shown in nothing more plainly than the fact that at the end of the war Turkey emerges the ally of Russia, because she feels that England has betrayed her. The situation involves the standing of Lord Beaconsfield among English Premiers, and that fact is still a source of disquiet.

"THE SOUTH."

The actual situation in the Southern States is always so obscure that any intelligent and impartial account deserves the most attentive consideration, and such an account we have from Mr. T. W. Higginson, who is well known as an old abolitionist of the straitest sect, and as an observer of the truest Republican sympathy. He has been recently in that part of the country, and a brief paper by him in the *Woman's Journal* gives a clear and interesting statement of his general impressions. Mr. Higginson was the colonel of a colored regiment, and served during the war in South Carolina. No man is more careful of the rights of the new citizens than he, and his testimony is entirely free from all merely political or interested purpose. The first thing that he remarked was the fact, so often forgotten, that slavery has now been abolished for a large part of a generation, having been abolished by proclamation sixteen years ago, and having practically ceased to exist from thirteen to sixteen years ago, according to locality. The young colored generation know it only as a tradition, so that the practical problems of life present themselves as they do to white youth of the same condition, with the disadvantage, in the South as in the North, of complexion.

The precise truth is, as Mr. Alexander H. Stephens has said in Congress, that there is a universal recognition of the fact of the impossibility of the restoration of slavery. It may be in some cases regretted, but it is a fact absolutely and every where accepted. "The negro question" as such, therefore, no longer exists, and it is nowhere a subject of discussion. There is, indeed, the same grumbling about the ignorant vote that there is at the North, and that there should be every where; and there is the same kind of feeling toward the colored race as voters with which we are familiar in this part of the country toward the ignorant immigrant vote. In all his travelling—and travelling manners show the real character—in street cars and elsewhere, he saw no sign of violence or hostility. Nor did he hear complaints that they would not work, although there is very little money to pay them or other laborers; and, indeed, in Charleston a leading colored man told him that he thought his people had more money there than the whites, and the white young men are now compelled to work, although they must often go elsewhere to find something to do.

The most intelligent Republicans in South Carolina, of either color, admitted that the frauds of the "carpet-bag" governments and the outrages of the Ku-Klux had not been exaggerated. Each kept the other alive, but both are now stopped. Naturally, as each State is left to itself, wherever the dominant or Democratic party begins to divide upon internal or local questions, each wing is ready to conciliate, and consequently to defend, the colored vote, as Northern politicians conciliate the Irish vote while they denounce it. The Democratic Legislature of Mississippi passed a vote of thanks to the colored Senator from the State, Mr. Bruce, which was an indirect censure upon Mr. Lamar; and Governor Hampton, of South Carolina, gladly relies upon colored members of the Legislature to pass certain measures against a part of his own party. All this, says Mr. Higginson, may not be a sufficient ground of security, but it shows a healthy tendency. It is the natural and normal development of the situation, and it would have been indefinitely postponed and perplexed if the old system of national suspicion and armed repression had continued; and since it was conclusively proved that the old system could not retain those States as Republican, even from a party point of view patriotic Republicans must be glad that a policy which merely aggravated the difficulties and dangers of that part of the country has given place to one that restores the normal condition of political society.

AN INSULT TO THE COUNTRY.

It is a pity that the House of Representatives of the United States has not the courage and self-respect to expel a drunken member. Such a spectacle as that presented the other day by Mr. Douglas, of Virginia, is not only a scandal to his State and a shame to the country, but it reminds every body that such a man in such a condition may take part in legislation. That drunkenness is an increasing vice in the Capitol is often affirmed, and if it be true, it is a fact of national importance. Gentlemen who are "high," or "slewed," or "slung," or plainly and uproariously drunk, are not fit persons to make laws for the United States, and the sober majority of Representatives should remember that there is no grosser insult to the country than that a drunken man should be allowed to enter their hall. The recent report of drunkenness in the Senate on the night of the passage of the Silver Bill, after being allowed to go through the press in detail for a week or more, was denied, and it is now stated that there was an unusual and exemplary gravity and sobriety upon that occasion. We have as yet seen no denial of the drunkenness of Mr. Douglas in the House.

There is no doubt that summary dealing with such an offense would tend to abate it. If the House, without expressing any abstract opinion upon the subject of intemperance or upon the wisdom of any especial form of legal restraint of dram-selling, should prove that it would not tolerate the presence of a member who had deliberately taken away his own wits, honorable gentlemen would take good care to keep out of the way when they proposed to get drunk or to expose themselves to the chance. There are many offenses which the House would justly consider reasons for expulsion. But there are few outrages of passion that could be committed which are more flagrant than the insult offered to the House and the country by a drunken man who offers to take part in its deliberations by voting, or who disturbs them by unseemly conduct. Expulsion is a heroic remedy, but drunkenness in the House of Representatives is an intolerable offense.

A FAITHFUL PUBLIC OFFICER.

The bitter personal attack of Senator Blaine upon Secretary Schurz for his efforts to protect government property has certainly not injured the Secretary. The attempt to excite prejudice against him as a foreign-born citizen, and to represent the timber thieves as pioneers carrying the flag, was ingenious, but unsuccessful. Secretary Schurz promptly published a statement of the facts. He said:

> "Some Senators attack the Interior Department for doing a thing it has not done, and scarcely mention the thing it really has done. We were arraigned for having persecuted settlers and miners who wanted a little wood and timber for their stores and mines, while we really had only prosecuted speculators who had depredated upon the public lands on a large scale for the sake of personal profit. Under the instructions of this department not a settler or miner has been touched except where persons have cut timber under the cover of fraudulent pre-emption or homestead claims. When these speculators have obtained from five to eight dollars per cord for wood, and from twenty to sixty dollars per thousand feet for manufactured lumber which they have taken from public lands, they can afford to pay the government at least a small part of their profit, as people in other parts of the country have to do.
>
> "As to depopulating the Territories, there are no signs of that, either in Montana or any other Territory, in consequence of the action of the Interior Department; but it is a notorious fact that the consumption of timber which persons take for nothing from the public lands will be infinitely more wasteful than if they have to pay for it. In this way the mountain-sides in these Territories will very soon be stripped of their forests; and the forests once destroyed, the mountain-sides will remain bare forever. If that goes on in the present wasteful manner only a short period longer, then these Territories will become in part uninhabitable and depopulated, especially the valleys, which depend upon a regular supply of water. If the consumption of timber can be reduced to the actual necessities of the people by the action of the government, and the waste now going on be prevented, the Territories, instead of being depopulated, will be protected against most disastrous consequences, which otherwise must necessarily ensue.
>
> "I notice that our method of doing this has been called un-American. I never thought it was un-American to prevent stealing, to enforce laws. We are bound to execute laws as they are, as well as we can. If these laws are not as they should be, it is the business of Congress to make them so. The operations of the department for the prevention of timber devastation apply only in a very limited extent to the Territories. The principal field of operations is in the timber-growing States, such as Minnesota, Michigan, Wisconsin, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, and others. ....Those who were called spies in the employ of the Interior Department were simply agents who were sent out to discover what depredations had been committed and who committed them, and if the department wanted to know any thing about the matter, these agents had to be called upon for information, as depredators are not in the habit of reporting themselves."

Simultaneously with this statement came a report from a special agent of the General Land Office at Pensacola, in Florida, saying that

> "within a radius of seventy-five miles of that place the public lands have been denuded of more timber than in the same radius in any other locality in the United States. The harbor there admits vessels of the greatest tonnage. Innumerable creeks, rivers, bayous, bays, and sounds make a greater quantity of timber accessible than at any other place on the Gulf of Mexico. The Custom-house records at Pensacola show that during the last fiscal year, ending June 30, 1877, 857 vessels, with 6826 sailors and a tonnage of 276,724 tons, cleared from that place, laden with 9,375,432 cubic feet of ships' spars and hewed timber, and 67,787,222 feet of sawed timber and lumber. The hewn goods are carried directly from the stumps to ships; 2800 stevedores, 3000 cutters and raftsmen, and 6826 seamen are annually employed in cutting, removing, and carrying abroad the pine forests of that locality. Trustworthy persons there estimate that about seven-tenths of the lumber shipped from there is taken from the public domain, and that $200,000 could be recovered there for the government if the cases are properly prosecuted."

If hostility to the Secretary can find nothing in his course to ridicule and censure but his active efforts to save the national property from an organized system of robbery, it is not a hostility that need make him uneasy.

REGULATING DRAM-SELLING.

It was an interesting temperance meeting at Tammany Hall recently at which Judge Davis and Mr. William E. Dodge spoke together, because it showed that in the question of regulating dram-shops every kind and degree of temperance man is welcome. Undoubtedly the practical work of temperance has been seriously embarrassed by the tenacious assumption of many temperance men who are "teetotalers" that temperance men who are not teetotalers are not temperance men at all. And it was certainly a very sensible and manly position which was taken by Dr. Crosby that it would be a great practical step toward the repression of drunkenness and the maintenance of public order to enforce a stricter system of regulation, and to invite all good citizens, whether they were teetotalers or not, to join in the work. Judge Davis, although strictly a temperance man, said that he never took part in a temperance meeting before; but few men, of course, have had, from his position on the bench, greater knowledge of the evils that spring from drunkenness. His words were very weighty, and can not fail of the best effect.

The reason, undoubtedly, that the judge had not spoken at a temperance meeting is that the main batteries of the distinctively temperance orators have been generally opened upon what they call moderate drinkers. These, indeed, fare rather worse in an ordinary temperance meeting than the rum-sellers themselves, and thus, while all honest protests and movements to suppress dram-selling have had the sympathy, they have not had the open and direct support, of that immense and powerful class in the community which, while temperate, is not totally abstinent. This class has been rallied by Dr. Crosby, as we said, simply to promote public order and to enforce the existing license law. "It is not the best, perhaps," said Judge Davis, "but it is better than any the liquor interest could devise." Mr. W. E. Dodge thought that the law honestly enforced would close many, if not all, of the grog-shops in the city—the illicit grog-shops we presume him to mean.

Dram-drinking will undoubtedly continue, but there is no reason for the universal dram-selling that we see. The specious plea that the nominal license furnishes a handsome fund for charities is disposed of by the reply that for every thousand dollars raised in this way, five thousand has to be paid in taxes. The loose license makes the objects of charity which the money is supposed to relieve. The regulation of the retail traffic, however, is the one subject of legislation in which excess undoubtedly defeats the purpose, and the good sense of this movement is that it seeks only to enforce such a law as the general sentiment of the community approves. Mr. Astor, who has been severely criticised for his speech in the Assembly, undoubtedly stated the truth in saying, in effect, that the opinion of the city of New York demands regulation and not prohibition. But there are two distinct interests in the matter—the liquor interest and public order. And it is tolerably evident that a law which teetotalers and other temperance men alike approve is more likely to secure the objects which such a law ought to secure than one which has the hearty but necessarily suspicious support of the liquor interest.

PERSONAL.

Of the Southern bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Bishop Paine has been in office thirty-two years; Bishops Pierce and Kavanaugh, twenty-four years; Bishops Doggett, Wightman, and M'Tyeire, eight years. Two more bishops are to be elected at the General Conference which meets in May next.

—One of the best speakers and most highly esteemed members of the Virginia Senate is a colored man, William N. Stevens. He is thirty years old, was born a slave, and has worked his way through college.

—Mr. Benson J. Lossing, whose two illustrated works on the battle-fields of the Revolution and the war of 1812 have attained such wide-spread popularity, has arranged with Harper & Brothers for the publication of another important work, on the preparation of which he has been long engaged. It is a *Cyclopedia of American History*, which will include brief sketches of all important events in the history of the United States, and cover a period extending from (and including) the Aboriginal period and the discovery of America to the end of the Centennial year, July 4, 1876. It will also include brief biographical notices of the most prominent actors in those events. The work will be illustrated with geographical maps and topographical plans. This work will be comprised in a single volume of about 1200 pages, printed in clear, readable type like that of *Harper's Magazine*. Mr. Lossing is eminently fitted for the work he has undertaken by long and careful habits of historical research, and ability to present facts in a concise and yet thoroughly popular style. The cyclopedia will form a complete historical library within a small compass, and also within the means of every one. That it will be a useful and trustworthy book of reference, such as ought to find a place in every school library, no one who is acquainted with the compiler's intelligent and conscientious method of literary work will for a moment doubt.

—The Miss Thomson who recently created much comment in Edinburgh by having her horse shod with gold, and who subsequently went about Barcelona, in Spain, scattering gold coin among the street beggars, has been placed in a lunatic asylum.

—The new pontiff is of a patrician and long-lived family. He is the youngest of four brothers, the eldest of whom, a bachelor, is eighty-four. The second, now seventy-six, is married, and has four sons and two daughters, who all live at Carpineto. The third brother is a learned professor of theology, once a member of the Society of Jesus, but who quitted it twenty years ago. They have two married sisters.

—The late Governor Letcher, of Virginia, knew something of the vicissitudes of life. In 1800 he worked upon the Executive Mansion at Richmond as a bricklayer. In 1840 he lived in it as Governor.

—One of the best of contemporaneous artists, Millais, expresses the opinion that Meissonier is more complete than any old master.

—Mr. Morley, editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, is preparing a biography of Richard Cobden, which will include such portions of his correspondence as would interest the public.

—Mr. Labouchere, editor of London *Truth*, a man much in society and the clubs, announces that the entire fortune of Miss De Rothschild is settled upon herself, at the express wish of her future husband, Lord Rosebery.

—It is a noticeable fact that while the American Congress is paring down in a petty way the salaries of our foreign representatives, Prince Bismarck is doing exactly the opposite, he having introduced and carried a bill adding 30,000 marks to the salary of the German ambassador at London.

—London *Truth* says that Mario is living at Rome in a state of almost complete destitution. It has become a question of bread and butter. Time was when his name was a household word in Europe. Thousands have forgotten their cares and troubles in listening to his voice.

—Mr. William Astor, who has already done so much for Jacksonville, Florida, where he has bought a neat cottage, has given $250 to St. Luke's Hospital in that city, and, in addition, has furnished and endowed a room for the present year in that institution.

—It is spoken of among prominent Roman Catholics in England that the new pontiff will make the Rev. John Henry Newman a cardinal.

—Governor Vance, of North Carolina, is one of those cheery men. A Virginia colonel asked leave to take a company of warriors to Charleston for the celebration of Washington's birthday. The Governor assented as follows: "Permission granted to pass through North Carolina with your command. Be virtuous, and you'll be happy; but you won't have much fun."

—One of the most interesting works to be published this year is Mr. H. M. Stanley's account of his wonderful journey across Africa. He is engaged upon it with characteristic energy. He rises early, works all day, and as his labors during the day are constantly broken in upon by numerous callers, he makes up for any such loss of time by toiling on frequently till the small hours of the morning. Already a large portion of his manuscript is in the printers' hands, and it seems quite certain that if his health does not fail, he will accomplish the Herculean task he has set himself of writing in about seventy days the 800 pages of octavo print which will form the two volumes of his work, and which will doubtless be ready for publication in May next. The work will be published simultaneously, or as nearly so as can be arranged, by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., in England; by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, in New York; in French by Messrs. Hachette & Co., Paris; in German by M. Brockhaus, Leipsic; in Danish by M. Mallings, of Christiana. Negotiations are also pending for translations into the Swedish, Spanish, Italian, and Russian languages.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: The House, March 16, struck out the enacting clause of the resolution in regard to paying back claims of Southern postmasters, and the resolution was defeated.—The Senate, March 18, passed a bill prohibiting members of Congress from becoming sureties for contractors. The Senate also passed the Fortifications Appropriations Bill, amounting to $275,000. Mr. Beard was confirmed as Collector of the port of Boston.—The Senate, March 19, passed a bill granting an American register to a foreign ship for the use of the Woodruff scientific expedition. A majority of the House Civil Service Committee reported in favor of dismissing Door-keeper Polk. The minority reported that no corruption had been proved, or even charged, against Colonel Polk. Bills were passed reducing the pay of United States jurors from $3 to $2, and limiting the pay of United States marshals to $5000, of chief deputies to $2500, and other deputies to $5 a day. The House voted concurrence in some of the Senate amendments of the West Point Academy Bill, and non-concurrence in others. The House passed the Senate bill appointing General Sherman a Regent of the Smithsonian Institution in place of George Bancroft, resigned.—The Senate, March 20, passed a bill amending one of the sections of the timber cultivation laws. The amended provision is that every person who plants, protects, and keeps in a healthy growing condition for ten years ten acres of timber, the trees thereon not being more than four feet apart each way, on any quarter section of public lands, shall be entitled to a patent for a quarter section, etc. A resolution was introduced inquiring if Judge Whitaker, of Louisiana, is a defaulter to the United States government. The House passed the Mail Contract Bill, with an amendment prohibiting the subletting of contracts. The House passed the General Deficiency Bill, amounting to $1,386,465.—On the 21st, the House passed the Naval Appropriation Bill, amounting to $14,048,684.

The Supreme Court of Louisiana, March 18, rendered a decision in the case of General Thomas C. Anderson, of the Returning Board, setting aside the verdict of the lower court, and ordering the prisoner's release.

Full returns from the New Hampshire election give Governor Prescott (Republican) a plurality of 1514 votes, and a majority of 941.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Eastern Question: The ratifications of the treaty of peace were exchanged at St. Petersburg March 17. The London *Times's* Vienna correspondent says the treaty is substantially the same as already telegraphed. The territory ceded to Montenegro is, however, twice as large as the Montenegrins could have claimed on the basis of *uti possidetis*. This accession of territory is principally to the northeast. Servia being considerably increased on the southwest, the Turks, to gain access to Bosnia and Herzegovina without entering Servia or Montenegro, must cross the Mokragora Mountains. The frontier of Bulgaria extends further west than at first stated, the new boundary being formed by the river Struma, approaching within a few miles of Salonica. Russia, however, has made the concession that in one year after the introduction of the new *régime* in Bulgaria the Porte, Russia, and the European cabinets may agree to associate special delegates with the Russian Commissioner who is charged with the reorganization of the province. The treaty concludes: "After the exchange of the ratifications a place and time will be agreed upon for providing this act with the solemn forms usual with treaties of peace, but the contracting parties are formally bound from the moment of ratification."—Russia has not refused to admit Greece to the Congress, but merely raised the question as to the footing on which the Greek representative should be admitted.—The Russian troops have crossed the river between Makri Koi and St. Stefano, and occupied three villages near the former place. Twenty-five thousand Russians have arrived at Tchataldja from Tirnova. The Czar's yacht *Eyrklick*, with two torpedo boats, has cast anchor off Buyukdere, at which place a Turkish camp has been formed. A Berlin dispatch says the Russians are constructing a railway from Bourgas to Jamboli. As Jamboli is connected with Adrianople by rail, the new line will enable the Russians to send troops from Odessa direct to Central and Southern Bulgaria and the Ægean Sea. The embarkation of the Russian Guards has been countermanded. Russian troops are moving northward. The reason is unknown.—England has obtained permission from the Porte to disembark troops on the island of Tenedos, and to send four more iron-clads to the Sea of Marmora. The Russians protested.—Twelve thousand Turks have landed at Volo, and it is expected they will attack Mount Pelion.—Advices from Tiflis say that the typhus is raging among the Russian troops in Asia. Generals Melikoff, Solowieff, and Schelkownikoff are reported to have died. It is believed that more men have been lost by sickness since the cessation of arms than on the battle-field during the war.—On March 21 the Austrian Delegation, by a vote of 39 to 20, adopted the vote of credit for 60,000,000 florins. The Hungarian did the same March 19.

The French Senate, March 18, passed the third article of the State of Siege Bill, which provides that the President can declare a state of siege only, during a dissolution of the Chambers, in the event of a foreign war. The same day the Chamber of Deputies passed a vote of confidence in the ministry by 436 to 34.

Captain-General José Maria Medina and Brigadier-General Ezequiel Marin were shot in Honduras, February 8, for attempted revolution.

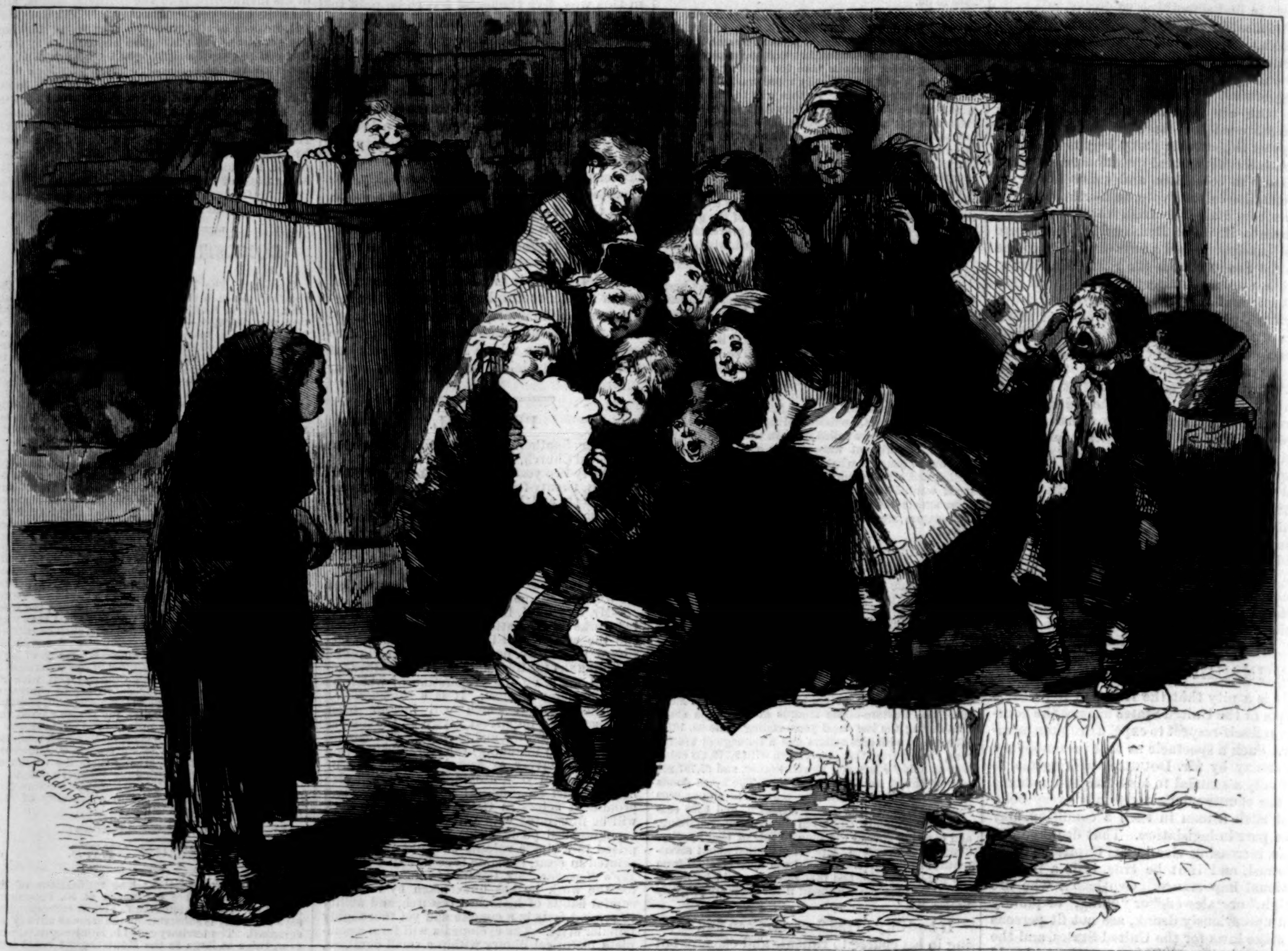
A telegram from Jamaica, March 18, says that a revolution took place at Port-au-Prince during the absence of the President. Tanis, at the head of 1000 followers, attacked the palace, arsenal, and fort, and succeeded in capturing the fort. The navy remained faithful, and is bombarding the positions of the revolutionists.

The United States consul-general at Havana reports that up to March 5 over 2000 insurgents in the Central Department surrendered. Later advices report that all is now quiet as far as Holquin.

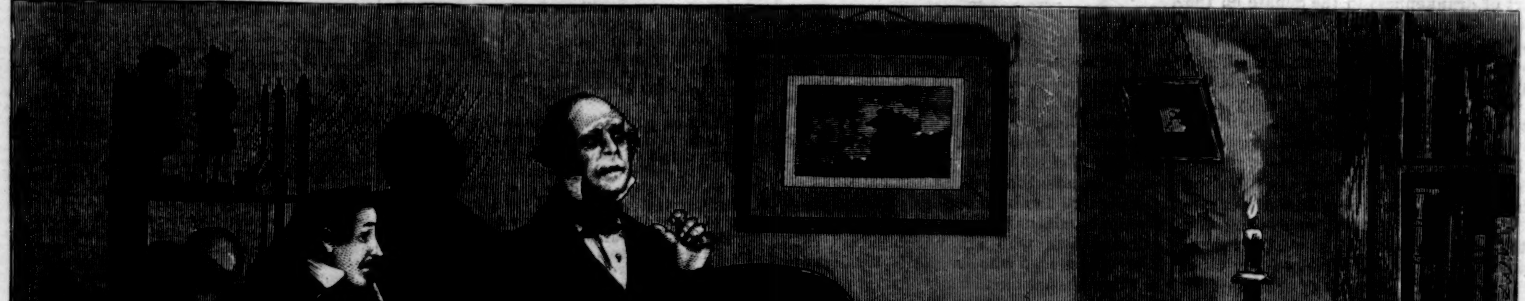
A serious riot occurred in Toronto on the evening of March 18, on the occasion of a lecture by O'Donovan Rossa. The police finally quelled the disturbances, but not until 250 of the rioters had been wounded. One of the spectators was fatally shot.

A telegram from Rome to the *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "The Pope, notwithstanding violent opposition, has ordered the Italian bishops to legalize their positions, giving them liberty to demand an *exequatur* from the government. This defines the Pope's policy. It means tacit acceptance of the loss of temporal power."

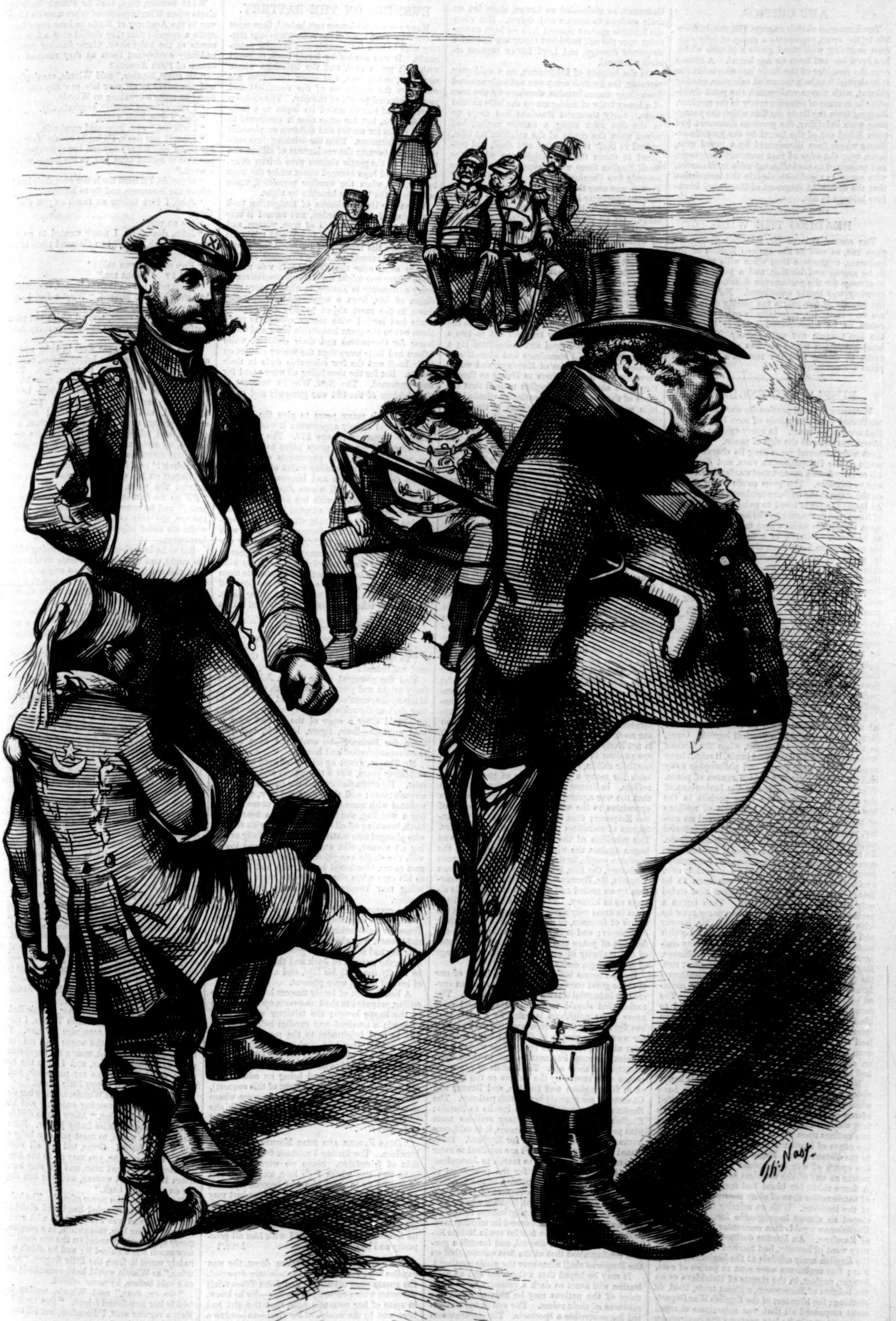
A new Italian cabinet was formed, March 21, as follows: President of the Council (without a portfolio), Signor Cairoli; Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Corti; Minister of the Interior, Signor Zanardelli; Minister of War, Signor Bruzzo; Minister of Finance, Signor Doda; Minister of Public Instruction, Signor Desanctis; Minister of Public Works, Signor Baccarini; Minister of Marine, Admiral Martini; Minister of Justice, Signor Conforti.



ART CRITICS OF THE STREET—A RELIC FROM AN ASH-BARREL.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.—[See Page 270.]



READING THE WILL—"GREAT EXPECTATIONS."—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 270.]



AWAITING PROVOCATION.

ART CRITICS.

THE humorous sketch on page 268, caught from life by the artist, represents a group of jolly children scanning with great gusto a picture which has been rescued from an ash barrel. A glance over the shoulder of the lively lass who holds the relic showed it to be a discarded valentine, gaudily colored, with verses underneath the print decidedly the reverse of complimentary to the receiver. Judging from the lively chaff in which the youngsters were indulging, the precious document had been fished out of the barrel by the juvenile explorer whose face, illuminated by a broad grin, peers over the edge of that unsavory receptacle, and presented to the indignant miss in the street, who seems to repel with disdain the insinuation that the discarded fragment of illustrated literature belongs to her.

READING THE WILL.

THE second title of Mr. ROGERS's picture on page 268, as well as the antique fashion of the costumes, suggests a time when wills were held to be sacred and binding, and a person's right to arrange for the *post-mortem* distribution of his property was rarely questioned. Nowadays, as the records of our courts too plainly show, wills are very uncertain, especially in cases where the estate to be administered upon is large, and the lion's share not unfrequently falls to the legal gentlemen whose services are called in to assist in seeing that the testator's wishes and plans are not carried out.

RUSSIA AND ENGLAND.

WHETHER the mad passion for war shall ever be eradicated from the minds of men is a question that none can answer. In every age the voice of letters has been on the side of peace. ARISTOPHANES with immortal grace sang its charms in the midst of the Peloponnesian wars, and dissuaded his country from a contest that was fatal to Athens and to freedom. The great comic writer scoffed on the stage at the military tendencies of his time. At Rome the poets loved to paint the golden age of NUMA, the peace-maker, and historians enlarged upon the idyllic scene where men lived together as brethren. HORACE in a fine ode would win his countrymen back from the storms and deadly perils of civil dissensions, and recall the ship of state from an ocean of endless perils. History relates and moralizes upon the follies of men. The modern poet weeps, like HOMER of old, over the fearful ravages of the shock of armies; all that is vile, foul, degrading, attended the victories of MARLBOROUGH and NAPOLEON; and sorrowfully the intellect acknowledges that of all the necessities imposed upon it by the conditions of its existence, the most repulsive is that of war. WASHINGTON lamented that he was forced to draw the sword for freedom, and the nation grieved that in its recent perils it could be saved only by the valor and the sufferings of its noblest citizens.

There have, indeed, been periods when it seemed that wars might come no more; the age of NUMA is not altogether a poetical legend. Once, in the days of the ANTONINES, when the Roman Empire embraced all civilized lands, it might have appeared that their gentle and philosophic sway had insured to Europe a golden season of peace. War was at least banished to the barbarians of the frontier. There have been periods in the history of China when its hundreds of millions of people have lived in amity and feared no enemy, when, as in the ninth century, the wonderful empire rested in unexampled splendor and repose. To modern Europe few such genial seasons have come. England in the last century, for perhaps twenty years, under WALPOLE's peaceful rule, avoided exterior contests, but was soon to be driven into a series of violent wars that ended only with the treaties of 1815. Then began a period of tolerable rest. A peace party grew up with the Corn-law League, of which Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. COBDEN were the leaders, and with which some Liberal lords, Mr. GLADSTONE, and many eminent men were in sympathy or active alliance. England hoped for peace, Europe seemed at rest, the passions of men slumbered, and philanthropy fancied with vain desires that they had been chained by religion or eradicated by knowledge. The sanguine members of the peace party hoped to bind nations together by free trade, a common interest, a rising philanthropy. England was to lead the way in the crusade of humanity, and even the Emperor of France was to be tamed by an appeal to those higher principles of justice and mercy he had so recently violated.

Nearly a generation has passed since this happy vision prevailed, and Europe and America have witnessed a series of dreadful and unequalled scenes of conflict and of slaughter. One of the first was the Crimean war; and here we find the two nations upon whom Mr. COBDEN relied to lead the cause of humanity united in assailing Russia in the distant East. England and France opened the epoch of war by exploits horrible and desperate as any of the maddest scenes of chivalry. A fierce thirst for blood had sprung up; a love of battle rather than of glory possessed the minds of the invaders. With an inferior force they besieged an almost impregnable fortress, and one Englishman would often encounter alone a legion of Russians. An intense dullness, an extraordinary want of honesty, had marked the conduct of the English army officials at the beginning of the war; fine regiments were sent to perish of cold, hunger, neglect, in the streets of Balaklava or on the heights of Inkermann, without tents, food, or clothing; the blunders of the English War Department surpassed all that was sometimes charged upon our own in its late contest; the contractors dealt in the lives of honest men, and made fortunes while thousands perished by their treachery. Incompetent officers, commanders dull as CARDIGAN, as undecided as LUCAN, often led on their soldiers to danger and defeat. But when the horrible contest ripened into its high excitement even the self-indulgent CARDIGAN showed a desperate courage, and Lord LUCAN became almost a general.

On the heights of Inkermann, on a cold gray morning, the English army was suddenly aroused from their uncomfortable slumbers by the roar of a heavy train of field-guns on the hills around them. Forty thousand Russians had crept up in the dim mist along a narrow ravine, had seized upon the crests of the neighboring hills, poured in their rain of shot and shell, and prepared to storm the last heights on which the small English force was clustered. There were scarcely five thousand in all. A small body of French was near them; but the surprise, the immense superiority in numbers, and their admirable position promised an easy victory to the Russians. On all sides the English, tormented by a ceaseless fire from the hills, saw the heavy masses of well-trained troops approach their slight defenses. Yet no sooner had the enemy reached the crest of the hills than that innate mental vigor which seems to mark peculiarly the Anglo-Saxon race, which was shown in the rare pertinacity of the capture of Vicksburg or the final siege of Richmond, began now to unfold itself: a thin line of English soldiers broke in upon great masses of Russians and drove them back into the ravines; twenty or thirty troopers cut in two a hostile column, disordered and intimidated it; a single soldier would sometimes find himself surrounded by thick bodies of Russians, and would carve his way through them to liberty as though they were sheep. The English noticed that the faces of the enemy as they patiently climbed the hills were cold, stony, amazed, as if they were machines ruled by an irresistible will. The English in the height of the battle fought as if on each man's valor depended the safety of all. The historian KINGLAKE has painted the marvellous spectacle with startling minuteness; we follow the fate of each squadron, almost of each man, from hour to hour of the fatal day; all their acts are gathered up and recorded, until at last we hear, as in Homeric battles, where the shell tore the generous frame of STRANGWAYS, or how ADAMS, the new TYDIDES, fell mortally wounded by a Russian shot.

Nations have long ceased to boast of their military prowess, to revive the barbarous impulses that ruled in a NAPOLEON, an ALEXANDER. The savage instinct of warfare may be best left to the Sioux and the Comanche. Yet no one has been able to establish among nations any better law than that of force as a final resource. Europe is borne down by immense armies, greater and more costly than in the days of the First Empire, war still rages with insensate cruelty, and once more England longs to renew with Russia the contest that should have closed on the heights of Inkermann, and put an end forever to these endless duels of nations. It is a curious question yet to be solved who it is that promotes war in every community, and to what class of the people the remedy should be applied that may make wars cease forever. The industrial classes in every nation are no doubt opposed to these endless crimes. It is not likely that even in England those who labor are anxious to load themselves with new taxes, to see their children perish on the battle-field, to turn back for many a year the tide of progress and reform. In France careful observation has shown that the war against Germany was undertaken in opposition to the will of the people, and even of the Emperor; that it was the result of the intrigues of merciless priests and ruined courtiers. The rebellion of the slave-holders in 1861 was begun against the wishes of the majority of the Southern people, by the fierce and depraved agents of slavery, the idle, impoverished, vicious. Even Virginia, Mr. BOTTS relates, was driven into secession by an armed and wicked minority. It is always so in history. The industrious people have risen in arms only against tyranny, to demand the rights of freemen, or avenge themselves on their oppressors; and it is at least certain that if the decision of peace and war rested upon the votes of the majority of every nation, the golden age of NUMA might easily return.

Europe seems hovering upon the brink of one of those great convulsions that have so often covered its industrial classes with endless woes. The nation that should teach forbearance and good sense to its neighbors is ruled by a party that has fired rather than suppressed the mad passion for war. The people of England have scarcely been allowed to express freely their wishes upon a point the most important of all to them, their country, and their age. The friends of peace are pelted with stones by the vicious or the fanatical in Birmingham and London, and BRIGHT and GLADSTONE are scarcely heard with patience. The English papers are filled with insults to Russia; English ship-yards and military stations teem with preparations for war. Russia, it is said, now burns with a similar hatred for England. Stimulated by victory, the Sclaves are resolved to enter Constantinople, and even to march to Jerusalem. The Greek Church sighs for the possession of the holy places and the expulsion of the heretical Latins; nothing but the conquest of the Syrian shore will satisfy the ardent fanatics who in Russia make their laborious pilgrimages to the icy shrines of Solovetzky, and crowd its teeming monasteries. Meantime the fearful see in Middle Europe new elements of discord, and foretell a general conflagration that at the first cannon-shot on the Bosporus shall blaze over the whole continent.

It may be hoped that a Congress and an arbitration will avert so dark a calamity, or that the voice of the nations may be able to check the madness of their rulers. The age is too cultivated for so terrible a spectacle. The governments that become the instruments of so much misery to man should perish amidst the rage of the people. EUGENE LAWRENCE.

EVENING ON THE BATTERY.

MANY years ago—longer ago, indeed, than most of our New York readers can remember—the Battery used to be a fashionable and favorite promenade. It was shaded by lovely trees, carpeted with soft green turf, and the buildings where now pies, cakes, beer, and other beverages are sold were the residences of the wealthiest and most cultivated people of the city. The up-town movement of society sealed its doom as a fashionable park, but for some time it continued to be the resort for nurses and children on pleasant summer afternoons. Then the drinking dens multiplied, and became the rendezvous of sailors and roughs, and the gentle visitors were driven away. Idle men and boys lounged about under the trees by day, and, when the weather permitted, made couches of the wooden benches by night.

When the Commissioners of Emigration took possession of Castle Garden, and turned it into a dépôt where the crowds of men, women, and children arriving from the Old World might be secure from the rapacity of boarding-house runners and the rascality of ticket swindlers, another change came over the Battery. It was now a place where one might see the representatives of every nationality in Europe, in almost every condition of life, from a comfortable competence down to the most abject poverty and squalor. Some had landed with money enough to carry them out to the great hospitable West and buy a home for themselves and their children, while others had little more than the scanty clothes on their back and the few miserable duds in their chests. But for the time being all were cared for and protected. The New World's welcome to the children of the Old was generous and open-handed.

But it took many years to give the Battery the trim and cleanly appearance it wears in Mr. ABBEY's picture, on page 273. The unsightly and slimy rip-rap has given place to a regular sea-wall of stone, and pavements of concrete have supplanted the muddy walks of years ago. Castle Garden, rebuilt and improved since the fire destroyed the hall where JENNY LIND first captivated Americans with her melodious voice, still shelters the newly adopted children of Columbia; and every pleasant afternoon and evening the visitor on the Battery may meet with groups like those so faithfully depicted by our artist. He may hear so many foreign tongues at once as to be reminded of Babel, or fancy himself any where but in America. Thousands upon thousands come, like an army; but the peaceful invasion results only in the conquest of the races. The country takes possession of them, and makes them her own.

THE PRETTIEST BABY.

"To the baby show? No, indeed! God bless me! no, indeed!"

Had the youngest sister of Mr. John Trueax (very bright and pretty she was, with short, curly, black-as-the-raven's-wing hair, and large, sparkling, dark-as-the-midnight-sky eyes) proposed that he should enter a cage of the wildest kind of wild animals—lions, tigers, leopards, and panthers, for instance—he could not have shown more consternation and horror.

Mr. Trueax, albeit he only numbered some six-and-thirty years, was a misogynist and a misogamist. He outbachelored all the bachelors of his acquaintance; and they were not few, as he associated with none but single men, never attending a wedding, shuddering when he heard of a birth, breaking off all communication with friends who plunged into matrimony, and carefully avoiding all women, rich and poor, proud and lowly, with the single exception of Winifred, his youngest sister, mentioned before, who had been left to his care when she was twelve years of age—being now twenty—by a dearly loved dying mother.

The reason? I'll tell you.

Once on a time John Trueax, then called Jack Trueax, a good-looking, jolly young fellow of five-and-twenty, was about to be married. The wedding day had arrived. The groomsmen and bridemaids, the parents of Jack and the parents of (as he fondly thought) *his* Lily, and a large number of invited guests were present.

A bell formed of lovely flowers hung from the ceiling, prepared to shed its sweets upon the heads of the happy lovers; the minister waited, book in hand; a hundred wax candles helped the gas jets to lend brightness to the scene; the wedding supper was laid—when the bride's own maid, who had been sent to tell her all was ready (she had requested to be left alone a few moments before the ceremony, and being an odd sort of girl, nothing strange was thought of this request), returned, pale and trembling, to the room where the bridal party waited, with a note which she had found, instead of her mistress, and which read as follows:

"DEAR FATHER AND DEAR MOTHER,—I do not love him. The feeling I mistook for love is only that of friendship. Since we were engaged I have met one whom I *do* love, and at the last moment I fly to meet him and become his wife, convinced that, dishonorable as my conduct may seem, it would be a thousand times more dishonorable to stand before the altar with a lie upon my lips, a lie which would condemn me to live a lie forever after. Tell Jack I wish him all prosperity and happiness. LILY."

The bell of flowers was taken down, the wax candles were extinguished, the minister departed, the guests were dismissed, and John Trueax left the house with a curse upon his lips—for he knew, in spite of her romantic note, that the girl had been won by the wealth of his rival—to become a hater of women, a foe to matrimony, vice-president of the "Stanch Old Bachelors' Club," and a perfect Herod in regard to children.

What wonder, then, that he shrank back in alarm when Winnie proposed (they were on their way to the Academy of Music to hear some man make a speech) that they should stop a few moments at the baby show, whose flaming posters suddenly confronted them as they reached the corner of Fifth Avenue?

"*Do* come, brother," said Winnie, coaxingly—and you never in all your life saw any one who could be quite as coaxing as Winnie.

"I won't!" said brother, emphatically.

"Just a wee, little while."

"I will not," with increased emphasis.

"John, if you don't, I'll invite cousin Mary and her twins, and sister Lucy and her eldest boy, the one that is named after you, to the house to stay a week."

"If you do, I'll burn the house over their heads, collect the insurance, and fly to Europe."

"John, I love babies as much as you dislike them—"

"It's no use."

"John, *dear* John, I never wanted to go any where so much, *never*," two diamond tears in her black eyes.

"Five minutes, you said?"

"Did I? I meant ten."

"Well, ten; not an instant longer, remember." And grumbling to himself, "What a fool I am!" in they went.

A large oblong room, around which ran raised platforms on which were to be seen many mothers and more babes.

Some of the little ones were in baby wagons, some in chairs, some on hobby-horses, some in swings, and some in the maternal lap. There were brown babies, yellow babies, rosy babies, cream-colored babies, and snow-white babies; blue-eyed, hazel-eyed, brown-eyed, gray-eyed, black-eyed, and green-eyed babies; laughing, crying, pretty, ugly, bright, stupid, cross, jolly, serious, and mischievous babies; babies of all shapes, all sorts, all sizes, and all ages—that is, from one month to five years.

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Trueax, with an expression of disgust on his expressive countenance, as he entered the room and glanced hastily about. "*I'll* go no further, Winnie, but wait for you here;" and he retreated into a dark corner—by-the-bye, the only obscure corner in the hall—while his sister tripped gayly away on a tour of inspection.

But as he impatiently waited, frowning with all his might, and hoping that Winnie would not exceed the ten minutes he had so ungraciously accorded her, it suddenly dawned on him that somebody not entirely unconnected with the show was in his immediate vicinity, for a not unmusical murmur, a sweet-voiced mother's croon to her baby, reached him, and turning, he saw a young and girlish creature in widow's weeds with a tiny child on her lap.

As Mr. Trueax turned, this young creature raised a pair of the most wonderful blue eyes, fringed with the most wonderful golden lashes, and cast a half-shy, half-appealing glance at him.

Mr. Trueax began to feel very uncomfortable. He, the hater of women, the despiser of babies, shut in, as it were, with a dangerous member of each species! For a moment he felt inclined to flee, but the thought of his pretty sister wandering disconsolately about in search of him nipped that inclination in the bud; and the next moment the blue-eyed girl was holding up the blue-eyed baby, and saying, in a low, timid voice, "She's very pretty, Sir."

And the child *was* very pretty. Steeled as he was against the innocence and beauty of childhood, he could not deny that. A little angel, lacking only the wings, with bonnie blue eyes like its mother's, faint golden hair, red rose-bud mouth, and chin and cheeks like the inmost petals of a pink-white rose.

And just then Winnie came back, with two cards in her hand, commencing, eagerly, "Oh, John, we must vote. You're to vote as I tell you. Let me see—'the handsomest mother, the prettiest baby;'" and her eyes falling upon the wee girl being held up for John's approval, she pounced upon it at once. "You loveliest of darlings! Why, brother John, *this* is the prettiest baby I *ever* saw, and— Good gracious!"—dropping the baby back into its mother's arms (from which she had taken it) with a precipitancy that must have astonished that loveliest of darlings—"Little Red Riding-hood!"

"Yes," said the girlish mother, "Little Red Riding-hood. But, Winnie—Miss Trueax, I mean—I don't expect you to recognize me now. Times have so changed for the worse with me (as you have guessed, no doubt, seeing me here) since we went to school together, and I wore the scarlet cloak which gained me my pet name, and you made me your own happy little friend."

"Oh, indeed!" said Winnie, arching her slender neck. And then, stooping suddenly and kissing the quivering red lips, "Allow me to decide that matter for myself, Miss Daisy Bower. But of all places in the world, to meet you at a baby show, and with a baby! Come, tell me all about it, dear. Brother John, you may go to the Academy and hear your great man, and I'll stay here and listen to my small woman, and you can stop for me on your way back."

But brother John never stirred. The baby had reached out her dimpled hand and clutched his watch seal, and was examining it with exceeding interest, telling him, meanwhile, in a gurgling language apparently founded on the one word "goo," how much she admired it; and he didn't want to rudely wrest it from the little fingers, "or something," as Winnie would have remarked; and so, as I said before, he never stirred.

"Go on, dear," said Winnie, seating herself beside her new-found friend. "Don't mind John. He's a regular wolf, I'll confess, but I'll take care he don't hurt you."

With a timid glance at the wolf, who stepped a few steps away—baby having turned her attention to the bird in Winnie's hat, but not so far but that he caught every word uttered, in a soft clear voice, Red Riding-hood began: "When you finished your education three years ago, and I was called home to Maryland by the death of my mother—my father, you know, died three years before—I was left with no relation in the whole world but my dear old grandmother. She had a comfortable income at the time, and for a year every thing went well; and then the bank in which all her money was deposited broke, and we were penniless. Grandmother sank beneath her misfortune and became almost helpless, and I always was a spoiled, good-for-nothing—"

"You always were a darling," burst in Winnie, impetuously.

"And—and I married grandmamma's lawyer, and he was very, very kind to us both, and we were very comfortable until about three months ago—the day wee Daisy was half a year old—when he died, and oh! Winnie, he left no will but one dated long before he knew me, which bequeathed all his fortune to a nephew in some far-distant country, and again we were left penniless. Grandmother grew weaker day by day, until she became utterly helpless, and now she lies from morning till night and from night till morning again on her bed unable to move; and we were almost starving, and I saw," speaking slower and slower, "the advertisement calling for children for this show."

"Yes, Daisy dear," said Winnie, patting the thin white cheek encouragingly, "you saw the advertisement—"

"And I think baby is just as pretty as a baby could be."

"Lovely," said Winnie, kissing the sweet, blue-eyed thing.

"And it occurred to me that if she could win a prize, poor old grandmamma and the darling herself might be kept from cold and want this winter, and so I came here. But I'm afraid very few people have noticed baby, for I've sat in this out-of-the-way corner all the time, I so dread a crowd, and—" The tears came into the wonderful blue eyes.

"Brother John," said Winnie, as she paused.

"Well, my dear?" said Mr. Trueax, coming a step forward.

"Mrs.— By-the-bye, what *is* your married name, Red Riding-hood?"

"Mulgrove."

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed John. "Old Lawyer Mulgrove—old enough to have been her grandfather!" Then, recollecting himself, he stammered: "A good and clever man. I knew him well in years gone by. And he was your husband?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Yes, Sir!" muttered Mr. Trueax. "I wish she wouldn't be so confoundedly respectful."

"I was about to say, brother John," continued Winnie, with decision, "that Mrs. Mulgrove must not remain here."

"Of course not—being a friend of yours, Winnie."

"My sweet-tempered, loving little pet she was at school, John."

"That only makes it the more imperative that she should leave this place at once," said Mr. Trueax. "But what is to be done with the baby?"

"Why, you stupidest of old fellows, that must go with its mother. Do you imagine she would leave it here? Come, Little Red Riding-hood. Brother John"—lowering her voice to a whisper—"she is faint with nervous agitation. I will assist her, and you will—oh! you *will*, dear John, just this once—carry the baby?"

And before Mr. Trueax could say a word, baby was in his arms, tugging away at his long brown beard, and crowing with delight. And it was thus that two of the strictest members of "The Staunch Old Bachelors" beheld their vice-president that bright November day coming out of the baby show—a baby in his arms and *two* lovely women following directly behind—beheld him, and *turned to living statues on the spot.*

A year and nearly three months had passed away since Winifred Trueax found her old school friend at the baby show, and it was St. Valentine's Day.

The postmen, with twenty times their usual loads, were hurrying from house to house, leaving hearts, and Cupids, and posies, and true-lover knots, and doves, and sweet verses, and some verses any thing but sweet, behind them.

But at the door of one small cottage on the outskirts of the city rang a special messenger this Valentine morning before any of the mail-carriers were about—so early, in fact, that the valentine he carried was handed in with the baker's breakfast Vienna loaf.

A snug little cottage it was. And the parlor, which faced the south, and around whose walls still hung some Christmas greens, was the coziest, brightest room you could possibly imagine. In one corner on a crimson lounge, covered with an old-fashioned star quilt, lay a handsome old woman, her still bright eyes dwelling with a look of fondness on the golden-haired two-year-old girl who sat in her little rocking-chair softly singing her Santa Claus doll to sleep.

And by the window, the blushes coming and going in her happy face, stood Daisy Mulgrove reading for the twentieth time the verses that came in with the morning bread.

"What is it, Daisy?" at last asked the old woman, turning her eyes in the direction of the pretty reader. "A valentine? May I see it, dear?"

"It's something of the sort," answered Daisy, with another blush; "but if you don't mind very much, grandmamma, I'd rather not—"

A gentle knock at the door interrupted her.

"Pull the bobbin and the latch will fly up," called out Daisy, laughingly, sinking into a chair and hiding the valentine behind the window-curtain.

"And, reversing the old story, the latch flew up and in walked the wolf," said John Trueax, as he came into the room, where he was immediately clutched around the leg by the baby.

"Such a terrible, terrible wolf!" laughed Red Riding-hood.

"So terrible that he feels as though he could eat you this moment," says the wolf, showing his strong white teeth.

Then unclasping wee Daisy's hands, and putting a huge sugar-plum in each one, he went to the side of the couch on which the old woman lay—her wrinkled face lit up with pleasure at the sight of him—and laid a bouquet of fragrant flowers on the starry coverlet.

Then returning to the young mother, who had taken her little one upon her lap, he asked, "Did you receive a valentine this morning?"

"I did—instead of a pat of butter."

"And what did the writer of it say?"

"You could never guess."

"That is the reason I ask."

"He says"—speaking slowly, and with a bright smile dancing on her lips and in her eyes—"that he loves my baby, and thinks her the prettiest baby in the world."

"Any thing else?"

"And that not content with having shamed her far-away cousin into giving her a part of what should have been her fortune, he wishes to share his own with her if—"

"If?"

"Her mother will consent to be sister to darling Winnie, and mistress of his beautiful home."

"Do you intend to reply to that valentine, Little Red Riding-hood?"

"I do, Wolf."

"Then reply immediately."

She put the prettiest baby off her knees, gave it a kiss on its sweet red mouth, and whispered, but not so low but that Jack Trueax caught the words, "Darling, go give that kiss to *papa.*"

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

APRIL.

Sunday,	7.—Fifth Sunday in Lent.
Sunday,	14.—Sunday before Easter.
Friday,	19.—Good-Friday.
Saturday,	20.—Easter-Even.
Sunday,	21.—Easter-Day.
Thursday,	25.—St. Mark, the Evangelist.
Sunday,	28.—First Sunday after Easter.

After a service of twenty-nine years, Dr. Joseph Holdich has retired from the secretaryship of the American Bible Society, and is succeeded by the Rev. Dr. A. S. Hunt, also of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In the course of a ministerial life of more than half a century Dr. Holdich has proved his capability as a preacher, a college professor, and secretary. In the city of Philadelphia, where he was pastor of leading churches, his contemporaries were Cookman, Pitman, and others who have long since passed away; subsequently for fourteen years he filled the chair of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres in the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut. Exact in his attainments, polished in manner, and unfailing in courtesy to all men, Dr. Holdich has made a most honorable record, and can retire from active duty with the consciousness of a life well spent. The Board of Managers of the Bible Society took occasion of his resignation to express their appreciation of his long-continued and valuable labors.

The sum of £3000 had been raised in England by the 1st of March for the relief of the sufferers from famine in China. A Baptist missionary writes from Tai-Yuen-Fu, the capital of the province of Shan-si, that he is surrounded by more than 100,000 persons who are in need of food. The number of Chinese of the three provinces who are in a condition of entire destitution is estimated at 10,000,000. Considerable sums have been sent from this country.

The *Germania*, the ultramontane paper, publishes what purports to be an exact transcript of the votes cast at the recent sitting of the Papal Conclave. On the first ballot Cardinal Pecci received 18 votes, Cardinal Bilio 6, Cardinal Franchi 5, Cardinal Panebianco 2. On the second ballot Pecci received 34 votes. On the third ballot Pecci received 44 votes, Bilio 5, Monaco 2, Panebianco 2, Simeoni 2. At this final scrutiny sixty-one cardinals voted, Cardinal Cardoso, of Lisbon, having arrived during the election. The absent cardinals were St. Marc, Cullen, and M'Closkey. Since the election of Leo XIII., Cardinal St. Marc has died, leaving the number of members of the Sacred College sixty-three.

A bill is now before the Legislature of Pennsylvania which provides that "no public exhibition, performance, concert, entertainment, exposition, place of amusement, or show of any kind shall be open on the Lord's Day, commonly called Sunday, if a fee is charged for admission on said Lord's Day." It has already been voted on, with the result of 97 ayes to 54 noes—four less than a constitutional majority of the whole House. It is now before the Lower House again on a motion for reconsideration.

Father Hyacinthe has recently been in Paris, where he delivered an address, in the house of a leading French Protestant, to a select company of hearers. He is desirous, it is said, of settling permanently in the French capital. He has hopes that the present government will permit more liberty of speech than was tolerated during the empire. It remains to be seen, however, whether this hope will be justified by events. Even in a French republic the ultramontanes have power to suppress the free discussion of the recent policy of the Church by one of its ex-priests.

It is now apparent that the charges made against Professor Robertson Smith, and investigated by the Aberdeen Presbytery of the Scotch Free Church, will all fail. At the last accounts the most of them have been declared irrelevant, the minority vote in their favor becoming continually smaller and smaller. The decision of the Aberdeen Presbytery, therefore, is that a denial of the Mosaic authorship of the Book of Deuteronomy is not repugnant to the teaching of the Westminster Confession of Faith. Whether the orthodox party will make a rally against this judgment there are no present means of determining. The Glasgow Presbytery (United Presbyterian) have not only suspended the Rev. Fergus Ferguson, but have refused to permit him, during his suspension, either to conduct a prayer-meeting or to solemnize a marriage.

The newly formed Protestant Episcopal Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews is now incorporated, and has entered upon its chosen work with considerable zeal. The Jewish population of the United States is estimated at 250,000, the city and vicinity of New York containing one-third of the whole. It is stated that since the formation of the London Society of the same name 20,000 Jews have been baptized in Great Britain, and that more than one hundred have become Anglican clergymen. Four of them have risen to the episcopate: Bishop Auer, deceased, of Cape Palmas; Bishop Alexander, the predecessor of Bishop Gobat, at Jerusalem; Bishop Hellmuth, of Huron; and Bishop Schereschewsky, of China.

For the first time in thirty-three years—that is, since 1845—John Henry Newman visited Oxford last month. He was the guest of the President of Trinity College, of which he has recently been elected an honorary fellow. Much attention was paid him by the heads and fellows of the colleges.

Some objection to the continuance of the International Sunday-school Lessons appears among Presbyterians. The Rev. Dr. H. A. Boardman has read in the Presbytery of Philadelphia an overture to the next General Assembly asking the preparation of a series of lessons for Presbyterian schools, "whereof one lesson each month shall be appropriated to the study of the catechism." The overture states that the International Sunday-school Lessons, "while excellent in the main, make no adequate provision for the instruction of youth in the doctrines of the standards." The "rapid spread of destructive errors, and the supercilious disparagement of creeds which poisons the popular literature of the day," are cited as reasons for urging this measure. The Presbytery has reserved its decision upon the overture.

The name Leo represents in the history of the Popes of Rome some of the most distinguished occupants of the chair of St. Peter. The first of the Leos, called the Great (A.D. 440-461), summoned the Council of Chalcedon, the fourth of the Œcumenical Councils of the Church. Leo X., one of the family of the Medici, was the patron of Michael Angelo and Raphael, and the antagonist of Martin Luther. He closed the Lateran Council, called by his predecessor, Julius II. Leo XII. reigned from 1823 to 1829. An interval of fifty-five years has, therefore, elapsed since the accession of Leo XII.

Recently Bishop George F. Pierce, of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church, spent a week in Newark, New Jersey, and preached to a Northern Methodist congregation. In reviewing this visit he expresses, in the *Southern Christian Advocate*, his judgment as against an immediate reunion of the Churches. He says: "The spirit of Christ is the spirit of unity, and the less we diplomatize and legislate, the better for the interests of peace and harmony. Reunion under one jurisdiction would bring up questions pregnant with passion and strife. More of the mind of Christ among us all, North and South, will bring us as close together as the mission of Methodism demands."

Among the good men recently departed who deserve commemoration may be named Mr. James M. Weir, cashier of the Harrisburg National Bank, and long known as one of the leading philanthropists of Central Pennsylvania. Like many others who have risen to distinction, he was originally a printer, but in 1833 he was made teller in the bank of which he afterward became the cashier. Here he spent over forty years in faithful and successful service. A Presbyterian, yet a lover of all men, Mr. Weir devoted himself assiduously to Sunday-school, temperance, and all possible charitable work; his reputation for goodness in the interior of Pennsylvania was such as any man might covet. All through his active years he carried the burden of frail health, yet so active was he that it has been said of him: "Nothing that could be done for the good of his fellow-men was alien to his sympathies and help."

Sympathy for the Rev. Fergus Ferguson, the suspended minister of the Glasgow United Presbyterian Church, is expressed very strongly by his friends. The Rev. George Gilfillan, of the State Kirk, well known also as an essayist, in a recent lecture on the "Confession Controversy," said that if "Mr. Ferguson were turned out of the Church he would not go alone, but there would be a convulsion and disruption in the United Presbyterian body such as it had never known before."

Quite a dramatic effect was produced recently in Washington by the presence of a number of Indians on the platform where stood the Hon. A. B. Meacham, of Oregon, making a plea in behalf of the Indian race. Colonel Meacham was chairman of the Peace Commission two members of which—General Canby and the Rev. Dr. E. Thomas—were murdered by the Modocs. The colonel was himself left for dead, but was saved from death and scalping by the device of an Indian woman, who raised a cry that the soldiers were coming. He is a firm believer in the good faith of the Indians when justly treated, and denounces the policy of the nation hitherto pursued toward them as unjust and unchristian. Among the Indians on the platform were Mr. H. B. Ross, of the Cherokee Nation; John Brown, of the Seminoles; Judge Moore, of the Creeks; Governor F. B. Overton, of the Chickasaws; and Eagle Plume, of the Kaws. Eagle Plume, clad in red blanket, made an address to the audience, in which he "bore testimony to the good effect of the new Indian policy of the government and the labors of the missionaries."

A MATRIMONIAL DIFFICULTY.

There is an anachronism about the picture on page 272. It might have appeared seven years ago, and been published as an illustration to "Betsey and I are Out." In that remarkable and popular poem, however, if we remember rightly, Betsey did not appear personally. She was only described by her conjugal partner, who, when brought face to face with the lawyer who was to sever the matrimonial knot, seemed to forget her faults and failings, and to only remember the virtues the good lady possessed. Here we have an opportunity of forming an opinion of Betsey for ourselves. There can be no question about it: from the rigorous uprightness of her form, and the expressive glance she gives her unhappy partner out of the corner of her right eye, we know she is just the woman to

"Arg'e the thing at breakfast, and arg'e the thing at tea."

With such a Xantippe of a woman not only the question of the "cow-critter," but every other debatable point that ever excited disputatious humanity, would always be "coming up." At the present moment, certainly, her miserable spouse seems to be enjoying an opportunity of expressing himself, but Betsey, we feel, is but biding her time, and when she opens her case the party of the first part will be nowhere in the argument.

These unfortunate gentlemen who have so much difficulty with their "better halves" ought to have lived a century or two ago among our Anglo-Saxon forefathers. Those hardy spirits found no difficulty whatever in dealing with such problems as scolding wives. There was always the whipping-post or the ducking-pond when a female member of the community had offended with her tongue. Even in our own country, and up to a comparatively late date, a man was allowed to chastise his wife corporeally, "provided he used a stick no larger than his own thumb." A sound thrashing administered by way of discipline was always held to have a salutary effect whenever the sex showed a disposition to be troublesome. Men beating their wives, or even other women with whom they chanced to quarrel, is a common incident in ancient tales and romances, and seems to have been regarded as a just and proper method of settling difficulties.

In France the famous Chevalier De la Tour Landry tells his daughters the story of a woman who was in the habit of contradicting her husband in public and replying to him ungraciously, for which, after the husband had expostulated in vain, he one day raised his fist and knocked her down, kicked her in the face while she was down, and broke her nose. "And so," says the knightly instructor, "she was disfigured for life, and thus through her ill behavior and bad temper she had her nose spoiled, which was a great misfortune to her. It would have been better for her to be silent and submissive, for it is only right that words of authority should belong to her lord, and the wife's honor requires that she should listen in peace and obedience." The good "chevalier" makes no remark upon the husband's brutality, and this fact, taken in connection with the above remarks, leads us to suppose that in his opinion the lady was not too severely punished for her crime.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A lady had a custom of saying to a favorite little dog, to make him follow her, "Come along, Sir." A would-be-witty gentleman stepped up to her one day and accosted her with, "Is it me, madam, you called?" "Oh no, Sir," said the lady, with great composure, "it was another puppy I spoke to."

An abandoned wretch affirms that in engaging a wife only a ring is necessary; but nothing short of the cash will secure a good hired girl.

"I presume you won't charge any thing for just *remembering* me," said a one-legged sailor to a wooden leg manufacturer.

"Do you think, William," said Mrs. Brown to her husband the other night, "that the telephone will ever be as generally used as the telegraph?" "Why, yes," replied Brown; "the time is coming when it will be as common to telephone as it seems now to tell—a fib."

Persons should always dress to suit their figure. A humpbacked lady, for instance, ought to wear a camel's-hair shawl.

A correspondent wants to know whether, considering the great utility of the ocean, poets are not wrong in calling it a "waste of water."

A young lady said a pretty good thing the other evening. She has many admirers among the limbs of the law, and on being asked how she escaped heart-whole, said she supposed it was owing to the fact that "in a multitude of counsellors there is safety."

A man with one eye laid a wager that he (the one-eyed) saw more than the other. The wager was accepted. "You have lost," said the first; "I can see two eyes in your face, and you can only see one in mine."

At one of the schools in Cornwall, England, the inspector asked the children if they could quote any text of Scripture which forbade a man having two wives. One of the children sagely quoted in reply the text, "No man can serve two masters."

A beauty who went to be photographed at a sea-side resort, after taking her seat in the chair of torture was thus addressed by the insinuating operator: "Now, miss, you look at me as if I was your young man, and you'd met me unexpected."

When Lord Lawrence was chairman of the London School Board, the Duke of Argyll asked him how he got on with the lady members. Lord Lawrence replied: "Admirably; they talk so much less than the men."

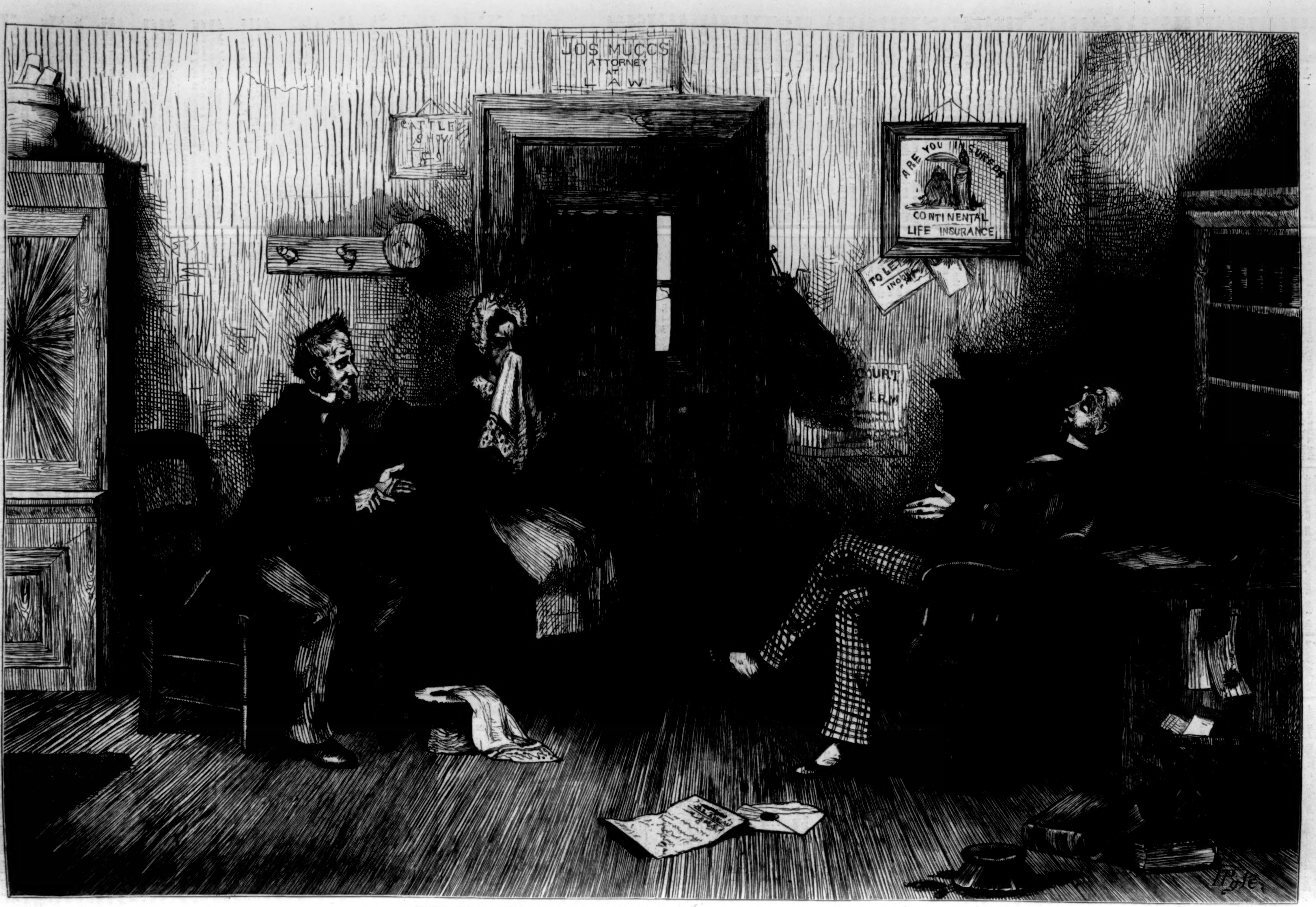
Monogram painting on bald heads is the last insanity.

If England does go to war with Russia, and a lot of the h's get snarled up with those Russian names—good Heavens! what a volcano for the poor night editors!

OUTSIDE THE MEETIN'-HOUSE.

Deacon Norwood (*to Elder Tompkins*). "Yes, Sir; a man with hope and without no faith is just like a young man in a row-boat who ain't got only one oar, and rows round and round in a circle and don't get nowhere."

Small Boy (*at a safe distance*). "If he warn't a darned fool he'd scull."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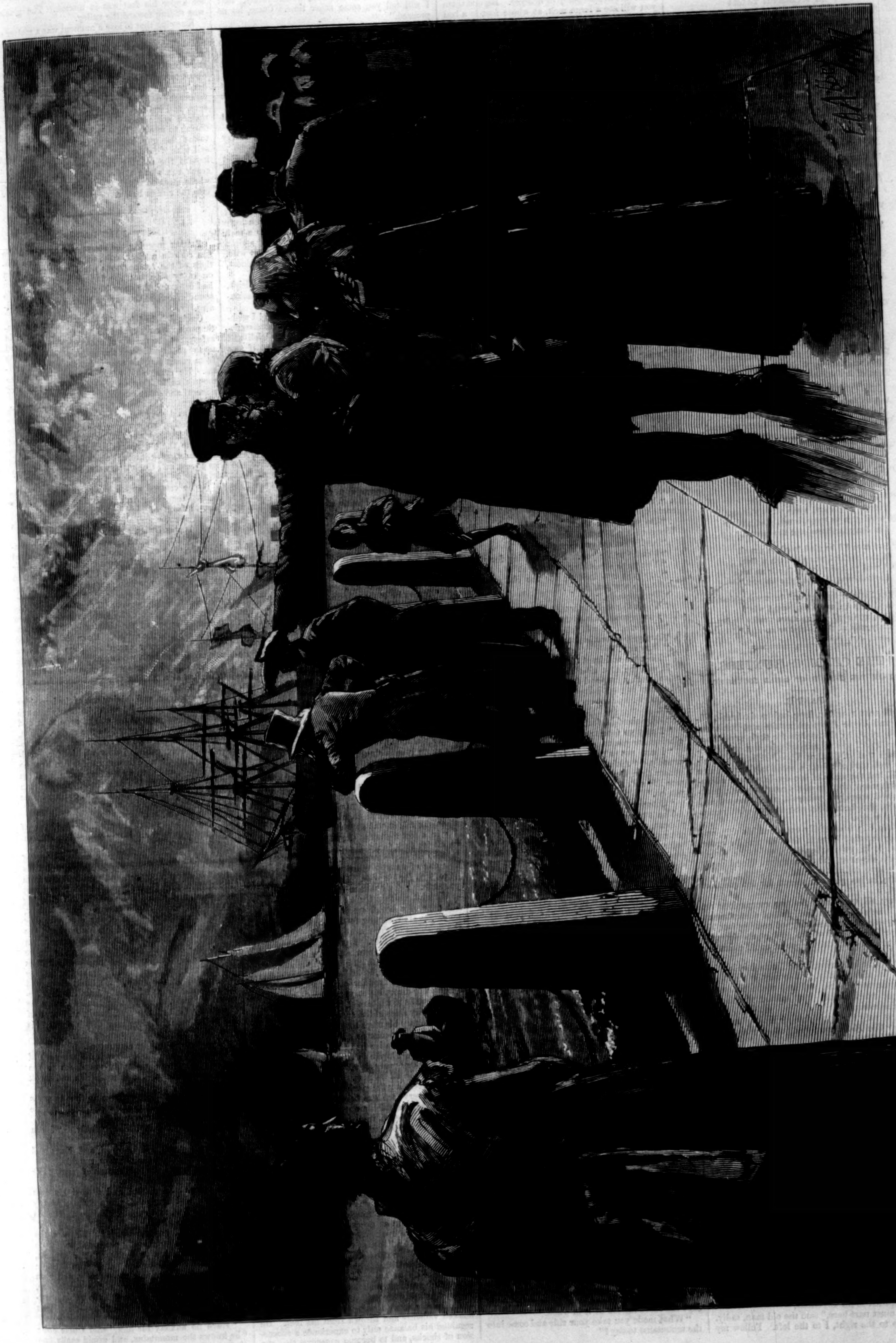
A MATRIMONIAL DIFFICULTY—LEGAL INTERVENTION.—Drawn by Howard Pyle.—[See Page 271.]



EVENING ON THE BATTERY.—Drawn by E. A. Abbey.—[See Page 270.]

JERRY GRAHAME'S POTATOES.

(A MUNSTER TALE.)

'Twas John Finnane was the cruel man,
  And the thafe of the warld, I'll be bound;
But, faith, 'twas the illigant sarmon
  That was prached him from under the ground.

He rinted his land in thrifles out,
  And small was his marcy or rason;
But the praties, sure, the boys *must* have,
  Coming on in the idle sason.

Yet asy Master Finnane would sit,
  Though women and childer prayed,
And ne'er a pratie could leave the airth
  Till the last penny token was paid.

It often chanced—as most like it was—
  That the tenants—good luck to the right!—
Not having the dirty bit balance,
  To the pratie field wint in the night,

When the furrows were swate with the flower
  And all green with the fresh wholesome shoots,
And filled their bags—why not, to be sure?—
  With what God had sent up with the roots.

Then John Finnane was the angry man,
  By St. Patrick he swore like a Turk,
And vowed he would catch the boys that night
  In the throng of their plundering work.

Of which having notice, the gintlemen
  Wint promptly that night to confession:
Why should they go to the pratie field
  To be marked for the Quarter Session?

But long past midnight Mister Finnane
  (He was in Jerry Grahame's quarter),
Tired of himself—as well he might be—
  Was watchful and keen as a Tartar.

And so he heard, as he wint his rounds,
  Just under the place he was walking—
What do you think? By the saints 'tis true!
  Jerry's white-eyed potatoes talking!

"Will you grow any more, *mavourneen?*
  You've been growing for four months steady."
"*Not a gra gal;* you may bet on that;
  Sure I'm big enough already."

"Why, thin, be asy and move a bit;
  There's meself and some other waiters,
If you'd give us room, would gladly grow
  For Jerry Grahame and the craturs."

"And sure I'd be glad to plaze yez all
  If the landlord was not such a flint,
But well ye know we can't stir an inch
  Until Johnny Finnane gits his rint."

Then Finnane he rose, and he crassed himself,
  And says he, as he homeward wint,
"The boys shall dig up them praties to-day—
  Ivery wan of them—*rint or no rint.*"

THE CHAMOIS-HUNTERS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ÉMILE SOUVESTRE.

PART II.

The next morning, long before daybreak, Ulrich and Uncle Job were awake and busily engaged preparing themselves for their expedition.

The hut of the old mineralogist was even poorer than that of Mother Trina. His sole furniture consisted of a bed, a small table, and three stools, but the walls of his dwelling were adorned with many trophies of his mountain life, beautiful and sparkling minerals, dried flowers and grasses, and butterflies and insects with many-colored wings.

While Ulrich carefully examined his rifle, and having satisfied himself that all was in order, placed it in its leather case, which he swung over his shoulder, the old man provided himself with a long coil of rope and some iron spikes to aid him in his perilous search for the piece of crystal.

When all was ready the two companions set forth, Uncle Job serene and full of contentment, Ulrich excited and thinking of nothing but his love for Freneli, and of the strange requirement which must be fulfilled before he could claim her for his own.

"It is a bad morning," said Uncle Job, looking about him thoughtfully. "The mist is too heavy about the mountains, and last night the moon swung in a red circle. I am afraid of mischief from the south."

"It is only the beginning of March," said Ulrich. "The *Foehn* rarely comes so early in the spring."

"Not very often," replied the old man, "but it looks gloomy, for all that. When you are high up in the mountain, keep a sharp eye on the horizon, my boy."

The *Foehn*, that terror to the Swiss mountaineer, is an African wind blowing in the spring from the hot and sultry deserts of the southern continent.

The atmospheric phenomena which accompany it are terribly beautiful. A light veil of cloud, brilliantly tinted, appears on the southern horizon. The air attains the highest degree of crystal transparency, and a deep stillness pervades the mountains. On a sudden comes the terrible rush of the desert wind. Its hot breath striking on the snowy pinnacles and seas of ice, sets nature into an infinite uproar, huge rocks are loosened from their old foundations, giant trees are hurled over the precipices, and mighty avalanches thunder down the mountain slopes, carrying every thing before them.

The old man and Ulrich walked silently up the slopes between the Eiger and the Wengern Alp, until they arrived at a point where the mountain gorges opened in all directions.

"We must part here," said the old man, sadly. "You go to the right, I to the left. Follow my directions carefully. Continue in this path until you come to that group of fir-trees. Beyond them you will see a large rock, at whose foot is a bed of blue gentian in the summer, but now they are all buried in the snow. Leave the rock on your right hand and go on until you come upon a gully full of flint pebbles. Creep cautiously up the gully, and you will find yourself upon an open plateau. Here you must stop and look about until you discover the tracks of the chamois. Now may God be with us both!"

Uncle Job and Ulrich reverently uncovered their heads, and the old man offered a short and touching prayer. At that instant the sun touched the summits of the mountains with glorious light, which descended rapidly like a luminous avalanche, lighting up ravine and mountain slope, until it fell like a crown upon the old man's gray hair.

"The sun smiles upon us," said he. "Now the rest depends upon your prudence. Remember the necessities of a hunter: a heart firm as steel, and a foot sure as that of the creature he chases."

"I shall not forget it," said Ulrich, solemnly.

"God bless you, my son!"

They pressed each other's hands and separated. The old man disappeared behind the rocks, but his clear voice could still be heard singing a mountain hymn.

Ulrich listened for a moment, and then began the ascent of the opposite slope. As he advanced the mountains opened before him in all their grandeur, familiar objects presented themselves on every side, and the wild excitement of his former life rushed back upon him with tenfold power. He was drunk with the morning air and the sunlight, and the hope which kept his heart beating at fever heat grew almost to a certainty in his mind.

After several hours' hard climbing, as he was approaching the plateau, a dark shadow fell across his path, and turning suddenly, he saw Hans at his side.

The hunter was dressed in the same costume as on the evening previous. His rifle was slung over his shoulder, and he stood leaning on his iron-pointed staff gazing fixedly at Ulrich, who started violently on seeing his cousin.

"You here, Hans!" he cried. "How did you come up the mountain?"

"Do you think there is but one path up the Wengern Alp?" asked Hans, coldly.

"And what are you doing here?"

"I came to see you. I was waiting for you."

"You have something to tell me?"

"Are you not looking for the chamois that Uncle Job saw yesterday?"

"Undoubtedly."

"You will not find them. I saw their tracks. They have gone toward the upper glaciers."

"Very well. I will follow them."

"Are you determined to do so?"

"Why not?"

"Then we will hunt together," said Hans.

It was the first time that Ulrich had ever received such a proposal from his cousin. He looked at him in astonishment.

"Do you fear my company?" asked Hans, suddenly.

"Why should I fear it?"

"I may go too far and too high up among the glaciers for you to follow me with safety."

"I am not afraid of that," replied Ulrich, proudly. "Although you are a more skillful hunter than I am, I have not forgotten my former life so entirely that I can not go wherever you go."

"Come on, then. We have no time to lose."

The two cousins walked rapidly across the plateau, where, printed in the snow, were the chamois tracks that Uncle Job had seen the day before. They followed them on and on, now creeping among huge rocks, now crawling up the steep side of the mountains. As they went higher and higher, Hans's whole aspect changed; his face was full of animation, his dark eyes sparkled, and he walked with a feverish rapidity. As the route became more difficult and dangerous he quickened his footsteps, and at times, when some almost impassable barrier had been scaled, uttered an exclamation of exultation and triumph.

The tracks had been lost on a glacier of solid glistening ice; but Hans paid no heed, and still pushed on in silence.

At length Ulrich ventured to inquire what was to be hoped for among the open ice-fields, but the furious hunter only waved his hand and cried, "Higher up! higher up!"

Meanwhile the heavens became hazy, and the faint breeze blew gently on the mountains, like a breath of summer. Ulrich pointed toward the horizon, where slight clouds were beginning to form. Hans turned suddenly. He was as fresh as when he had started in the morning, his face was clear and cool, and his breathing regular and easy. Ulrich, on the contrary, was flushed with fever and exhaustion. He seated himself on a rock, and pushed back the damp hair from his forehead.

"Ha! ha! young hunter, you are tired out!" said Hans, scornfully.

"Not yet," replied Ulrich, "although I believe your sole motive is to see how much I can endure."

"A chamois-hunter must endure every thing. But tell me," added Hans, suddenly, "are you growing weary of carving leaves and flowers at Meyringen?"

"I weary of carving!" cried Ulrich. "Listen: all the excitement you feel on the highest glaciers comes to me when I sit at my bench. Then my eye sees clearly, and my pulse beats like fire. Just now, when you were calculating the direction of the chamois, I saw a branch of evergreen trailing over a rock, and thought of nothing except the reproduction of it in wood."

"What made you take your rifle and come into the mountains to-day?"

"For a reason," said Ulrich, hesitatingly, "that I will tell you some other time. Come, let us proceed."

"No, we will stay here until I tell you what you will not tell me. I know it all. You are hunting the chamois because you have learned that only the head of an *Empereur* can gain the hand of Freneli."

"You are right," replied Ulrich, firmly. "Was it to ask me that question that you brought me here among these glaciers?"

Hans leaned on his rifle and looked fixedly at his cousin.

"Did you not know that 'Neli was to be my wife?" he said, savagely.

"Yes, I know you intend to marry her. But 'Neli is free. She will choose the one who pleases her best."

"You think she likes you best. I know she does. You have bewitched her with your sweet words. While I was away on the mountains earning the means for her daily bread, you have sat by the fire and won her heart. I am a man of few words. I have no fine speeches for a girl's ear. But, for all that, Freneli shall be my wife. If you succeed in robbing me of my happiness, the consequences will be terrible."

"What do you mean to say?" cried Ulrich, who had started to his feet at the other's passionate words.

Hans seized him by the arm. "Listen! I wished to speak to you where we should be undisturbed. Now remember what I tell you. 'Neli will be my wife. Do you understand? And if any one takes her from me, be it my own brother, I will kill him with my rifle-balls. For six years I have loved 'Neli. Her image has gone with me into the mountains, and brightened my weary, lonely hours. My sole pleasure and rest have been with her. Remember, do not destroy my hopes, or by God in heaven, there will be eternal misery for all of us!"

"What you say comes not from yourself, cousin," replied Ulrich, with emotion, "but from a demon which possesses you. Let us leave the fulfillment of our wishes in the hands of God. We both know what is necessary to gain Freneli. In our attempts to fulfill the condition one of us may perish, like all of our family before us, and leave the field clear for the other."

Hans fixed his sharp eyes upon Ulrich. "And that other—you hope to be," said he.

Ulrich shook his head sorrowfully. "You know that all the chances are against me," he replied; "but I shall do my best, and trust in Providence."

"It must be decided soon."

"It may be sooner than we think," said Ulrich, who had heard the distant muttering of the storm. "Hans, your passion has made you deaf and blind, but look about you now."

The hunter turned suddenly toward the south, and started violently. Great clouds of mist were rolling rapidly toward the mountains, and the heavy roar of the wind filled the air with a muffled sound like that of breakers on a rocky coast.

"By my faith, you speak like a prophet," he said, turning toward Ulrich, while a savage joy lighted up his countenance.

"A violent storm is close upon us," said Ulrich.

"It is the *Foehn*," replied Hans, while his eyes eagerly scanned the horizon. "Do you not feel its warm breath already striking our faces?"

Ulrich recalled the words of Uncle Job. Like all born among the Swiss mountains, he knew too well that demon from the burning African deserts, and the terror awakened by its very name. Even in the lower valleys all the cattle were called home, and no one dared venture out of doors when the *Foehn* was approaching.

"In a few moments the wind will be upon us in all its fury," said Hans. "You called upon God to decide between us. He has heard you. The one of us who reaches the valley alive will have 'Neli for his wife. Farewell! Try to save your life. I shall save mine if I can."

Without waiting for an answer, Hans ran to the edge of a broad crevice, and leaning on his mountain staff, sprang to the other side with all the lightness of the chamois itself. Ulrich tried in vain to recall him. Hans never looked back, and soon vanished from sight in the mist which had already settled thick about the mountain.

Ulrich, left alone, looked about him to discover if possible some familiar object, some landmark by which to direct his steps; but nothing met his eyes but walls of white mist, broken here and there by the rocky sides of the surrounding peaks. He tried to retrace his steps toward the Wengern Alp, descending the glacier as quickly as possible, but the surface of the ice had become damp and uncertain, his feet broke in at every other step, and his progress was very slow. Soon the *Foehn* burst around him in all its fury. The young man continued descending the glacier in an oblique direction, but every step was beset with new dangers: now a crevice suddenly opened at his side, or a huge rock, loosened from its foundation, dashed past him in a cloud of blinding snow, and far up among the mountain peaks he could hear the roar of gathering avalanches, which might any moment come crashing down and sweep him away to instant death.

The whole winter architecture of the mountains was falling before the warm desert wind, and the ruin produced a wondrous chaos, through which Ulrich struggled and fought for life. At times he seemed shut in on every side; here a cascade poured over the rock where he wished to pass, there a fissure had opened too wide to be crossed. It seemed as if he must give up the fight, but the thought of Freneli made him strong to overcome the difficulties in his way. It was coming on night, and he must seek some sheltered corner where he could wait until daybreak. But where find it amid this wild uproar? Suddenly he was shaken violently and thrown from his feet. He regained his balance only to experience a succession of shocks, and to become conscious that the ice under his feet was in motion. The glacier was sliding toward the valley.

Knowing that to lose a moment was a matter of life or death, Ulrich started to run as fast as he could toward the line of solid snow. He had almost reached it, and had already crossed several snow bridges over a chasm, when, just as he was about to spring on to the solid bank, the arch under his feet gave way. Throwing himself forward he caught on the edge, his body bent over on the snow and his feet swinging in the air. He remained some seconds in this position without daring to move. Then he slowly moved his hand toward his gun, hoping to be able to push himself with it farther up on the bank. But at that instant the melting snow began to crumble, a crack ran along the edge of the bank, and the whole mass to which Ulrich clung slid suddenly into the chasm below.

PART III.

Before morning the storm was over, and the sun rose in a clear, cold, winter sky. The vestiges of the tempestuous night were to be seen on every side, but the influence of the *Foehn* had departed, the snow became steadfast, and no sound disturbed the savage silence of the mountains.

Uncle Job had found a retreat under a gigantic projecting rock, and had passed the night in safety, but the masses of snow which had choked up the paths and filled the hollows prevented him from continuing his search for the piece of crystal. He came slowly and cautiously down the mountains, looking on all sides for rare bits of mineral and other curiosities.

His path led across the glacier where Ulrich had passed the evening before. The glacier bore evidences of recent movement, and the newly opened fissures were all objects of interest and study to the old naturalist. It was apparently quiet now, some internal obstacle having arrested its course, and Uncle Job walked surely and quietly along its glistening surface.

As he crossed an ice bridge over a ravine he noticed something dark projecting from the bank just in front of him. He stooped and brushed away the snow, and a cry of terror burst from his lips. It was Ulrich's rifle.

The old man knelt down and carefully examined the edge of the chasm. To his experienced eye the whole story became clear at once. The snow had given way under Ulrich's feet, he had fallen, and was now lying at the bottom of the ravine, lost forever, or else, caught on some projection, was hanging between life and death. Uncle Job crawled as near as he could to the edge where the snow appeared most disturbed, but was unable to see into the ravine. He called loudly, but received no answer except the echo of his own voice. Driven by a wild anxiety, he called again and again, and after several moments it seemed to him as if a human voice answered from the depths below.

He sprang up, and driving one of the iron rings which he always carried with him firmly into the ice, he tied one end of his coil of rope to it, and threw the other end over into the ravine. Then, holding on to the rope with one hand, he crept toward the edge, calling louder and louder. Suddenly he felt the rope tighten as if drawn by some hand below, and then swing free again, as if the power was wanting to retain hold. The old man called frantically, "Ulrich! Ulrich! courage! One effort more, and you are saved!"

There was no response.

"Come! be a man!" he cried. "God has sent me here to save you. Rouse yourself! Remember your home. Remember Freneli!"

At the last word the old man was conscious of a fresh drawing on the rope. He continued his words of encouragement, and soon he knew from the motion that Ulrich had tied the rope about his waist, and with its assistance was climbing up the steep side of the ravine. In an instant, however, a sudden strain of the cord told only too plainly that Ulrich had lost his hold and was swinging in mid-air. With almost superhuman efforts the old man drew the rope, and soon he uttered a cry of joy as the apparently lifeless body of the youth came in sight, and at last lay beside him on the snow. He knelt down and poured some drops of brandy from his flask between the cold, silent lips, and taking snow, he vigorously rubbed the feet, hands, and face of the young man. Before long Ulrich opened his eyes, and look wonderingly about him.

"I—sleep—now," he stammered.

Uncle Job understood too well the approach of that icy sleepiness which brings death to the weary mountaineer. He seized Ulrich and shook him violently.

"Get up," he said; "we have no time to waste here. Drink another swallow of brandy, and we will start down the mountain."

"By-and-by," said Ulrich, faintly. "I can not—"

"By-and-by you will be dead, and Hans will marry Freneli," said the old man, roughly.

He knew it was the only means of putting life into Ulrich's stupefied form.

The young man started and opened his eyes once more, and Uncle Job pressed more brandy between his lips, and rubbed his face and hands until they almost bled.

After several hours passed in this way, the young man was sufficiently recovered to get on his feet, and leaning on Uncle Job for support, he walked feebly along the path. The exertion made his blood circulate more freely, and soon he was able to tell the story of the day before, ending with the fear—for he was too noble-hearted to wish harm even to his enemy—that Hans had perished in the snow.

"Have no anxiety for him," said Uncle Job; "he knows the mountains, and would easily find shelter. Besides, I saw fresh tracks this morning which I am sure are his. They were following the tracks of chamois."

"Perhaps that is the very troop he saw day before yesterday with their *Empereur*."

"Very possible. The tracks were going northward."

"At the foot of the Eiger?"

"No, here, near to our right hand."

Uncle Job pointed to the side of the mountain, indicating a place where the snow had melted, leaving bare a space of turf of that bluish tint peculiar to mountain pastures. It was just at the foot of high precipitous crags of rocks, and shaded from the north wind by a thick growth of dark fir and spruce.

Ulrich looked up in the direction indicated by the old man, when suddenly he rushed behind one of the large bowlders by which they were surrounded, pulling the old man after him.

"What is it?" said Uncle Job, instinctively speaking in a whisper.

"Look! look! up there on the mountain pasture."

The old mountaineer shaded his eyes with his hand, and saw coming round the rock into the open space a troop of nine chamois, their *Empereur* at their head.

By their rapid movements it was easy to see they were pursued. Ulrich and Uncle Job looked anxiously for the hunter following in their track. They saw him at last. He was not on the open ground, but on the side of the crag above it. It was Hans!

He had evidently gone up on the crag in order to get ahead of the chamois, and he climbed along the steep side with a recklessness which struck terror to the hearts of the two watchers. There was something demoniac in his audacity. He appeared in a delirium. He hurried on as if he was sole master of space, hearing nothing, seeing nothing, swinging himself from point to point with scarcely a foot-hold, his whole soul intent on nothing but the prey down below. At last he reached a position somewhat in advance of the chamois. In order to take better aim at them he crawled out on a projecting point of rock.

Uncle Job seized Ulrich's hand, and both held their breath. At that instant the chamois passed directly under the rock where Hans was lying. He drew his rifle to his shoulder and fired. The ball whistled through the air, and the *Empereur*, with one bound, fell over on the turf, dead.

The hunter gave a joyous shout of victory, which was plainly heard by those watching below. He raised himself up on his feet, his rifle still smoking in his hand, when the projecting rock upon which he stood, jarred by his footsteps, suddenly loosened itself from the craggy mass and slid heavily to the open ground below. Hans grasped at the side of the rock with his hands, but the slippery wall yielded nothing to support him. He fell, rolling and bounding from point to point, until he lay, a lifeless mass, not twenty steps from the dead body of the *Empereur* of the chamois.

Some hours afterward a sad procession of villagers bore the disfigured remains of Hans down the mountain-side to the valley. Mother Trina, to whom Uncle Job had broken the news, received the cortége at the door of her cabin.

She looked on the dead, her whole face disturbed with passionate grief.

"One more! one more!" she murmured. "But there was no help for it. Like 'Neli's father, he saw the phantom chamois. Like 'Neli's father, he died. The spirit of the mountains is more powerful than man."

She seated herself on a rock before the cabin door, and hid her face in her withered hands.

'Neli and Ulrich both tried to draw near and comfort her, but she motioned them away. It was only when aroused by the preparations about the dead that she arose mechanically and went into the cabin. She sat by the side of the corpse, and watched sleeplessly until the day of the funeral.

Hearing of the misfortune, many friends came from neighboring valleys to pay their last tokens of respect to their departed companion. Hans was borne to his grave on the shoulders of his young friends of the village, his remains resting on a bed of pine boughs, and his head pillowed on the body of the chamois *Empereur* which had cost him his life. Close behind came Uncle Job, supporting the tottering steps of Mother Trina. Her face was haggard, and her eyes fixed steadily on Hans's bier. Following them was Ulrich, silent and awe-struck, and Freneli, weeping bitterly.

As the procession passed away from the cottage, the sun, whose rays during the winter months had never penetrated the deep valley, broke forth in all his glory of early spring, flooding the whole sad company, and shining upon the face of the dead like a token of reconciliation and peace. All the followers stood still and folded their hands in silent worship. Freneli fell upon her knees, and lifted her eyes toward heaven. Mother Trina alone paid no heed to the heavenly radiance shed about them. With dry eyes, she stood like a statue of stone, and breathed thick and slow.

The old woman never recovered from the shock of Hans's death. She grew weaker with each passing day, and before midsummer she died, her eyes fixed to the last upon the fatal cabinet where the head of the *Empereur* killed by Hans had been hung, together with the gloomy trophies of his family's love and sorrow.

Freneli, now her own mistress, became the wife of Ulrich, and left the cabin where she had lived all her childhood, to brighten a sunny home in Meyringen with her presence.

Uncle Job went to spend his declining years with the young couple, and is still a hale, hearty old man, searching in the mountains for his minerals and other specimens of natural history, delighting in the fresh breezes and sparkling waterfalls, and listening with reverential awe to the roar and rumble of distant avalanches.

THE END.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

An important addition to the series of government scientific publications in quarto is found in the third volume of *Contributions to North American Ethnology*, published by the United States Geographical and Geological Survey of the Rocky Mountain Region, under the charge of Major J. W. Powell, of the Interior Department.

The work consists of an elaborate paper on the Indian tribes of California by Mr. Stephen Powers, well illustrated with wood-cuts, and an appendix on the languages of the tribes by Major Powell. A colored map illustrates the geographical distribution of the nineteen stocks which compose the tribes covered by the memoir.

The *Monthly Weather Review* of the Signal Office for January points out as the most prominent events of that month high temperatures of the Missouri and Upper Mississippi valleys and the lake region, severe storms, the excessive rainfall in California, and the remarkable velocity of the wind, which was 120 miles an hour at Cape Lookout, and 186 at Mount Washington. The heaviest rain-fall during the month amounted to 20¾ inches at Red Bluff, and about 12 at San Francisco. This unusual amount of rain in California has had the effect of causing immense floods, carrying destruction in their way.

We have already referred briefly to the death of Mr. Andrew Murray, but his eminence as a man of science induces us to give some additional particulars of his life and career. Born in 1812, he was sixty-five years of age at the time of his death, on the 10th of January, 1878. His earlier publications had reference more especially to entomology, of which he published numerous monographs, particularly on the Coleoptera, these relating to species of almost all parts of the world. He was especially serviceable in suggesting and organizing the department of economical entomology in the Museum of Science and Art at Bethnal Green—a series in which the insects injurious or beneficial to the agriculturist are shown in all their stages of existence, as well as illustrations of their action upon animal and vegetable substances. His work on the geographical distribution of mammals, published in 1856, is, as already stated, a standard on the subject. As a botanist he was especially interested in the conifers.

A bill has been introduced in the United States Senate by Mr. Hoar providing that whenever any public library registered in the Department of the Interior shall prove to the satisfaction of the Secretary that it contains 10,000 volumes, and is free to the use of the public under suitable restrictions, it shall be entitled to receive a copy of every public document printed for distribution.

Admiral Rodgers has addressed a communication to the Secretary of the Navy, which has been forwarded by the latter to the Senate, in which he discusses at length the economical grounds upon which the support of government should be extended to national observatories. He claims that without them navigation would be impossible, and that it is not too much to say that, as the ocean commerce of the United States amounted in 1877 to $1,150,000,000, that sum may, in a measure, represent the commercial value of observatories, as the movement of property represented by this estimate would be entirely impossible without the data furnished by them.

On the 26th of January the death of Professor E. H. Weber, of Leipsic, took place, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. Professor Weber, in 1816, was appointed Professor of Anatomy in the University of Leipsic, and took the chair of Physiology in 1840, which he occupied until shortly before his death. He published numerous memoirs and treatises on anatomical and physiological subjects, but is, perhaps, best known by his researches in acoustics, in which, in connection with his brother, he established the wave theory of sound.

Vincent, a French chemist, finds that trimethylamine, in the form of chlor-hydrate, bromhydrate, and id-hydrate, can be obtained cheaply and in large quantity by distilling the residue of the molasses of the beet. The demand for this remarkable substance for therapeutical and physiological purposes is limited; but, according to Thélier, by transforming these compounds into chloride of methyl, we have by far the best and cheapest cold-producing agent yet known to chemists.

This substance, at the ordinary temperature, vaporizes at a heat of about 46° F., but can be condensed at a pressure of one or two atmospheres, or at a temperature of −27°. If then evaporated by sending a current of air through the mass, it produces a degree of cold represented by about 60° below zero.

Dr. P. Bleeker, one of the most eminent of European ichthyologists, died at the Hague on the 24th of January last, at the age of fifty-nine. When nineteen years of age he received an appointment on the medical staff of the East Indian army, and left for Batavia, where he made a survey of the natural history of that Dutch colony, and especially of the fishes. His zeal and earnestness drew around him a band of workers in Batavia, and during his residence there the publications of the Batavian Society of Science occupied the first rank among scientific serials.

Few natural history works of greater magnitude have ever been attempted than the *Ichthyological Atlas of the Dutch East Indies*, projected by him, and of which eight volumes, embracing many plates, have been published. Four more were projected, which now will hardly see the light. The collections made by him have been principally deposited in the British, Hamburg, and Netherlands museums.

Messrs. J. H. Bartlett & Sons, New Bedford, have issued their review of the whale fishery for 1877, being their thirty-fourth.

They report that the present whaling fleet embraces 187 vessels, being a greater number than has been employed for several years past.

The total yield of the fishery has been 1,295,248 gallons of sperm-oil, 856,516 gallons of whale oil, and 160,220 pounds of bone, the average prices for the year having been $1 13 per gallon for sperm-oil, 52 cents for whale, and $1 13 per pound for bone, making the total product of the fishery $2,308,569.

During the same period 2,992,000 gallons of menhaden oil were manufactured, which, at 37 cents per gallon, amounted to $1,107,040. Other products, as guano, etc., bring this aggregate up to a value for the year of $1,657,790. Although the amount of menhaden oil obtained was considerably greater than that of the whale, its value was less.

M. Di Brazza has again been unfortunate in his African explorations. Word has just been received from the confluents of the Okanda and Ngoime, under date of November 10, that he had lost his instruments, and was expected at that point in January, on his way to Gaboon, possibly then to return to Europe.

The plan of Captain Howgate for prosecuting scientific research in the arctic regions has met with very emphatic indorsement from leading geographical societies, especially from that of France, and numerous letters have been received in Washington commendatory of the undertaking.

Joaquim Covrêa de Mello, a well-known Brazilian botanist, died on the 20th of December last.

The death of Rev. Andrew Bloxam took place on the 2d of February, at the age of seventy-six. He is well known as a botanist, especially in connection with the study of certain forms of Rosacea.

The report of the judges at the Philadelphia Centennial in reference to the comparative value of different materials for paving, published some time ago, has attracted considerable attention in Europe, and their conclusions are indorsed by numerous critics. The conclusion reached, it may be remembered, is that, considered with respect to durability, a tough stone stands first, asphaltum or concrete second, and wood third. As to first cost, the order is wood, asphaltum, and stone; as to maintenance and repair, stone, asphaltum, and wood. For facility of cleaning, the order is asphaltum, stone, and wood; and in general, in respect to comfort and convenience of persons using the street, the order is asphaltum, wood, and stone, with the exception of streets badly crowded with heavy and busy traffic, in which stone comes first and asphaltum last. As far as public health is concerned, asphaltum stands first, stone second, and wood third.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The construction of a National Museum building at Washington—a subject which has been under consideration in Congress—is deemed necessary for the safe-keeping and display of collections already existing. These collections are the gifts of foreign governments to our own. At the close of the Centennial Exhibition many of the foreign commissioners, who had previously intended to divide their collections among different establishments in the United States, thought it would avoid custom-house complications to present the entire series to the government. Accordingly, out of forty countries which made government exhibits at Philadelphia, thirty-four presented the whole or the greater part of their collections to the United States, the understanding being that duplicates not needed for the National Museum should be distributed among educational and scientific institutions of the country. These collections are of great magnitude and value, including valuable ores, metals, pottery and porcelain earths, terra cottas, furs, woods, fibres, grains, and other industrial products too numerous to mention, and a great variety of articles showing the manners and customs of different nations, all being that portion of the International Exhibition which was considered of most value. It is stated that the cost of these articles to the different governments that donated them was at least half a million of dollars; their value to this country as a means of comparison and study can not be represented in figures. There is danger of serious injury to these collections where they are now stored, to say nothing of the fact that they can not be properly displayed. Therefore the project of a suitable building for a national museum is of much interest and importance.

The new hotel for women designed and commenced by Mr. A. T. Stewart, and completed by his executors, is at the time of this writing about ready to receive guests. In a few days it is expected that it will be open to the public. This edifice is between Thirty-second and Thirty-third streets, its spacious entrance being upon Fourth Avenue. It contains over five hundred sleeping-rooms, eight reception-rooms, spacious parlors and dining-rooms, and a library containing nearly three thousand volumes and furnished with all conveniences for writing. There is an Artesian well upon the premises, and the gas burned will be manufactured in the building. The furnishing of the rooms is not only comfortable, but artistic. The bill of fare is designed to be equal to that in first-class hotels, and all the accommodations are excellent. Evidently the rates charged will be too high for a great majority of working-girls in New York, as they will range from six to ten dollars a week. But a large class of working-women—artists, teachers, students, writers, etc.—who desire the comforts of a quiet home, will find there a secure shelter.

The markets show signs of coming spring—or rather that it has already come. Fresh tomatoes, potatoes, and beets from Bermuda made their appearance some time ago. Southern kale and spinach are plentiful, as also are mushrooms, lettuce, water-cresses, radishes, etc. Asparagus recently arrived in the market, and was sold for one dollar a bunch. A small lot of Florida strawberries also appeared, but most people contented themselves with looking at them, as they were retailed at $2 50 to $4 a quart.

No snow-storm so severe as the recent one in March has been known at the West since the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad. Many lives were lost, and sheep and cattle in great numbers perished.

An improvement on the so-called "bob-tail" cars is the new Stephenson palace-car which has been placed upon the Sixth Avenue line. The interior of the car is of white ash wood, the panels of maple, adorned with oil-paintings representing country scenes, and the ceiling of the car of perforated bird's-eye maple. In the centre of the roof of the car is an Argand lamp and a large reflector. A strap behind each passenger connects with a wire which passes around the car, and is pulled to signify a wish to stop the car.

An exchange criticises the eagle on the new dollar as wearing the aspect of a bird badly frightened, as if in terror at the thought that somebody is coming to rob her nest, and suggests that it may be intended by the designer to convey the idea "that eagles at ninety cents on the dollar can not be expected to have the proud, easy, confident bearing of full-priced birds."

From St. Petersburg comes the report of an alarming prevalence of typhus fever, the number of fresh cases being estimated at between three and four hundred daily. The epidemic diseases which followed the war in Turkey first appeared in Asia Minor, on the shores of the Persian Gulf, then in Constantinople, and afterward in Roumania. Doubtless energetic sanitary measures will be used in the Russian capital.

Hazing at Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire, does not seem a success. A large number of students have been arrested by the civil authorities, and will doubtless receive the due reward of their deeds.

While the Street Commissioners are deliberately reflecting how the streets should be cleaned, the long-suffering people of New York are having their eyes put out with the flying dust, and their lungs and entire systems permeated by disease-producing dirt and malarious substances.

The recent destructive fire in Panama, causing the loss of property to the amount of half a million of dollars, originated by a clerk in a drug store carelessly throwing a lighted match into a measure of bay-rum.

An extensive under-ground railway system is to be arranged for the convenience of Parisians. There are to be four principal lines, all meeting below the garden of the Palais Royal, where a large dépôt will be erected. The general government, the Department of the Seine, and the city of Paris will furnish twenty-one million dollars.

During the recent famine in India not less than two millions of people died of actual starvation. A vast army was that; but as compared with the seventy millions wretchedly starving in China, the number seems almost small. We can not realize the horrors of either of these dreadful facts.

On March 20 Commissioner General M'Cormick sailed from this port in the steamer *France* to assume his duties in connection with the Paris Exposition. About three thousand tons of goods have been shipped in government vessels, and the remaining exhibits General M'Cormick decided to send as merchandise by the French steam-ship line, in order to avoid any possible delay in preparing the American section for the opening day.

The crypt under the chancel of the Cathedral of the Incarnation at Garden City, designed for the body of the late A. T. Stewart, is in form a polygon, with sixteen sides, twenty-two feet in diameter, and twenty feet high. Each angle is ornamented with a clustered pillar of variegated marble, surmounted by sculptured capitals, from which will spring the vaulted ribs of the ceiling, which, converging to the centre, give the appearance of a dome. The space between the pillars will be richly panelled and sculptured in fine white marble, the ceiling and floor being also of the same material. The crypt will be lighted by nine windows, and the two vestibules leading to it will connect with the cathedral above.

In consequence of several weeks of excessive heat and drought in Rio Janeiro, the yellow fever, previously sporadic, has assumed the proportions of an epidemic. Other fevers of a malignant type are common. The Minister of the Empire has invested the Board of Health with full powers to take such sanitary measures as will tend to prevent the increase of the epidemic.

A definition of politeness worthy of consideration was once given by the Duc de Morny, as follows: "A polite man is one who listens with interest to things he knows all about when they are told by a person who knows nothing about them."

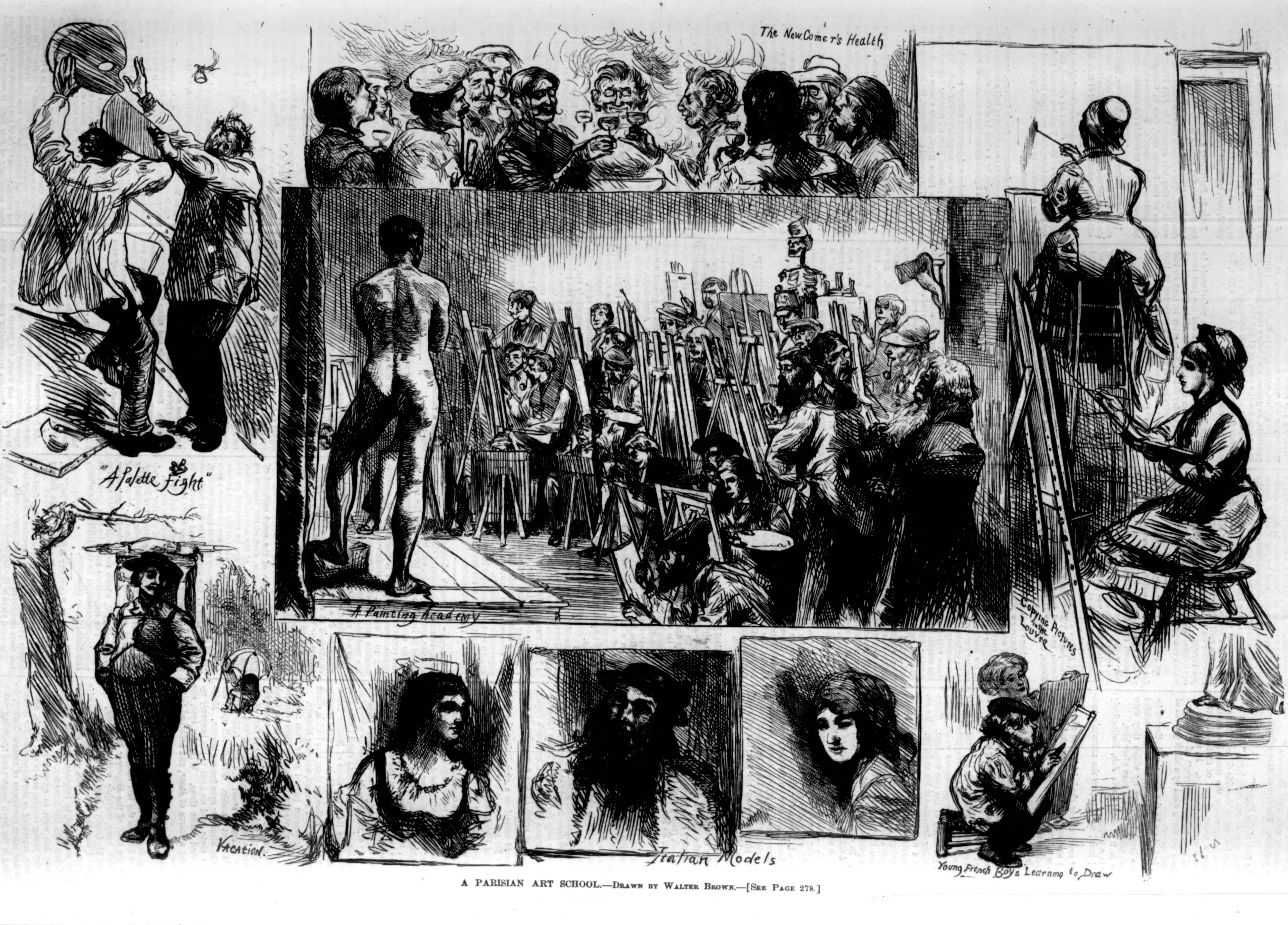
Much is said nowadays about the inaccurate reports which are given in the daily newspapers of lectures, sermons, etc. The *Court Journal* gives a little incident which, in this connection, is quite apropos. The Bishop of Ripon recently held a confirmation, and a publisher of a journal in some small town in Yorkshire announced, with evident satisfaction, that he had been able to secure a verbatim report of the charge. And this is how it began, as reported: "You are assembled here, my young friends, this morning to repudiate the obligations of your baptism!"

American potatoes are now imported into England in such large quantities that the London *Times* fears they will drive the home-raised article out of the market.

A Cincinnati miser lately died from sickness caused by lack of food, self-neglect, and exposure. He was worth from two to three millions, but could not afford to employ a physician on account of the expense! It cost too much to get suitable food, warm clothes, and needed medicines. So he died. He had no family, and few friends or relatives, and his sole happiness was *accumulation*.

In a communication from Egbert L. Viele, recently published in the New York *Times*, the following statements are made in reference to the system of sewerage in New York city:

"It is known technically as the 'water-carriage system,' and with an abundant supply of water, proper construction, and sufficient outlet, it is one that has been found most available in practice. For the evils connected with it, and which I have endeavored to define, there is a very simple remedy. It is to prevent the formation of the currents of vapor which carry with them the minute germs of disease. They are not always accompanied by gases in quantities to make their presence manifest by their odors. The germs themselves are without odor, and can not be detected. But they will not enter a house unless borne in by a current of air or vapor. The place to stop this current is that point of the house connection that is most accessible and nearest to the main sewer. To do this effectually something besides a mere water trap is required; there should be a trap that is a combination of a water seal and a mechanical obstacle. The one recently exhibited to the Board of Health, having a rubber ball within the trap that automatically closes the orifice, seems to fulfill the required conditions.... That something of this kind is necessary becomes more and more palpable every day. All the forms of disease that are due to this source are on the increase."

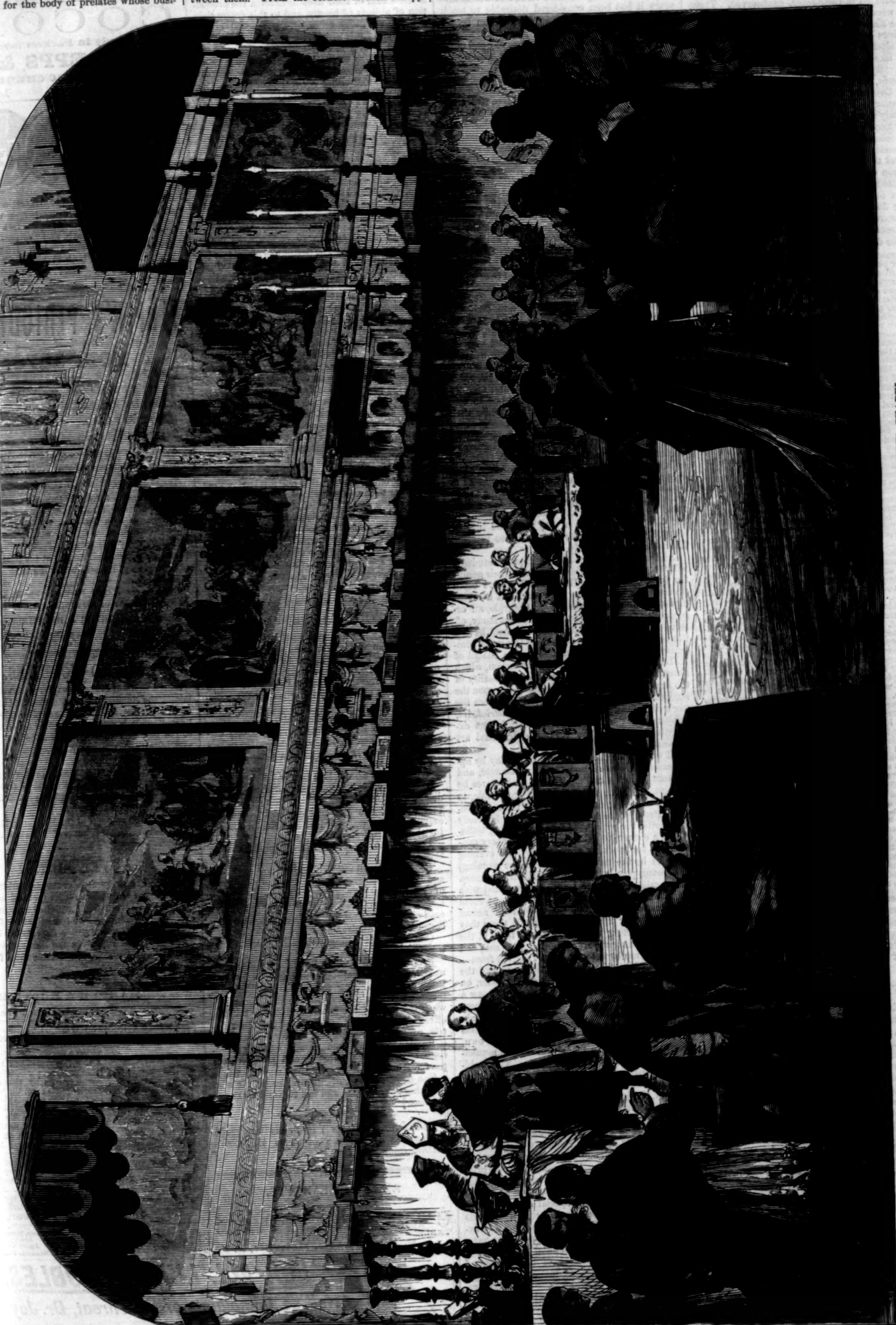

The New Comer's Health
"A Palette Fight"
A Painting Academy
Copying Pictures in the Louvre
Vacation.
Italian Models
Young French Boys Learning to Draw

A PARISIAN ART SCHOOL.—Drawn by Walter Brown.—[See Page 278.]

THE CONCLAVE OF CARDINALS.

THE accompanying picture shows the hall of the Sistine Chapel, at the Vatican, Rome, as it appeared after having been converted into a council chamber for the body of prelates whose business it was to elect a successor for PIUS IX. From the walls of the long room, which were draped with dark violet baize, projected, at the height of about ten feet, a continued series of square canopies in close succession to each other across the entrance end opposite to the altar, and along the sides until they reached the wall. These canopies were flat on the top, with plain valances about nine inches in depth, bordered with braid and fringe. They projected outward about two feet and six inches, and of course were the same in width, with a space of six inches between them. From the corners of each canopy descended in perpendicular lines against the wall violet silk braid of a shade somewhat lighter than the baize, defining, as it were, the space allotted to each cardinal.

Below these canopies ran a continuous bench, and in front of the bench were placed a series of small tables, sixty-four in number, corresponding exactly to the canopies. These tables were draped down to the ground, so that the legs were not visible. The draperies covering the tables, the canopies, and the bench were, with four notable exceptions, of the same color and material as those on the wall behind them. The first table and canopy at the end against the altar wall on the Gospel side, and the seventh, eighth, and ninth from it on the same side, with so much of the bench and wall as belonged to each, were covered and draped with green. These were the seats of AMAT, the senior cardinal-bishop, and of SCHWARZENBERG, ASQUINI, and CARAFA, the three senior cardinal-priests, who, being the "creatures" of GREGORY XVI., were not in mourning. At the back of and rising above each canopy were pointed uprights with little wheels on the top, through which cords were passed from the front of the canopies and carried behind, in order that all these symbols of sovereignty, enjoyed equally by the members of the Sacred College during the *Sede Vacante*, might be abased the moment the head of the Church was elected, the canopy on his stall only remaining elevated. On each of the little tables stood a little inkstand, sand-box, candlestick, and pen-holder, of white metal, and



THE ELECTION OF THE POPE—CONCLAVE OF CARDINALS VOTING IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

the other requisites for signing and sealing the voting papers. In the middle of the room stood a large table, about fourteen feet square, for the use of the scrutineers, and in the open space around it eight other tables, measuring about four feet by three, where those cardinals who were afraid of being overlooked by their neighbors could fill in their *schede* unobserved. These tables were also covered and draped with violet; but the floor was carpeted with green baize, like the places of Gregory's cardinals, and the ascent to the altar was covered by a carpet of geometric design like *opus Alexandrinum* worked in various colors. By the side of the altar stood the *Sedia Gestatoria*, which was that used by Pius VII.

The Conclave assembled on Tuesday, the 19th of February. The deliberations of the ecclesiastical body were, of course, strictly private, so that no one knows what took place during the time of their seclusion within the violet-draped hall. A correspondent of the London *Times*, however, determined to supply his journal with as much information concerning the great council as possible, visited the Sistine Chapel just before the prelates began to arrive. While in the act of passing down the staircase after the room had been cleared for the reception of the Conclave, he met several members of the ecclesiastical body, whom he describes as follows:

> "No outsider was entitled to remain longer within the inner precincts, and I descended the stairs to the court-yard of Pappagallo to see the members of the College arrive. It was then twenty-five minutes past three; and as I went down the staircase I met Cardinal De Falloux, and immediately after him Cardinal Manning, ascending. It was a very curious sight. Each cardinal came accompanied by his conclavists, who were to be shut up with him, and attended by servants carrying carpet-bags, bundles of rugs strapped up, and other belongings, exactly as if they were arriving at the entrance of a railway station to go off by some special ecclesiastical train. One cardinal, in addition to his bags and rugs, had a foot-bath, another a couple of very comfortable-looking cushions. At the foot of the stairs a few privileged persons, among whom I recognized Prince Barberini, Prince Massimo, General and Madam Kanzler, and two English ladies, were standing to bid good-by to the cardinals of their acquaintance. It was very interesting also to note the different aspects of the cardinals as they came along the little court-yard from the gateway where they left their carriages. Morichini, who is seventy-two years old, came shuffling one foot just before the other, and supported on each side by a servant. Caterini, the Dean of the Deacons—he is eighty-two—came tottering along, supporting his steps with a stick. Then came Amat, a year his junior, the Dean of the Bishops; but he was so infirm that his carriage had to be brought up to the foot of the staircase. Poor old man! he was a long time in descending from it, and then there was no chair in which he could be carried up. With much difficulty he managed to mount three or four steps, and then at last a chair was procured. Some of the less aged came up chatting to those around them as if they were going to any ordinary meeting; others seemed as if they were impressed with the importance of the occasion, or preoccupied with the thought that perhaps the choice might fall upon them. A few walked in rapidly without looking at or speaking to any one. Martinelli, the Augustine cardinal, dressed in black, never raised his eyes from the ground. At four o'clock Howard went in, looking every inch a Prince of the Church, and as he entered greeted those he knew among the spectators with a pleasant smile. He certainly did not seem to be concerned as to whether he would come out again cardinal or Pope. But with the procession of cardinals going in were intermingled many curious details connected with the Conclave life they were about to commence. Men bearing, suspended from a pole borne on their shoulders, great baskets filled with table-linen, hampers of wine, which, however, can only pass within the inner line when poured into glasses or pellucid decanters uncorked; butchers' boys carrying a considerable weight of meat—choice joints, I presume; and (may I be excused the revelation) one big basket, we were told, contained *pasticetti* (sweetmeats) for the Eminences so addicted. When the Spanish cardinals arrived, three large trunks, covered with brand-new scarlet leather and studded with brass-headed nails, were carried in. I thought they constituted their luggage, but I was informed they contained the pontifical robes for the new Pope, expressly prepared, according to custom, by the nuns of the Bambin Gesu. No one could presume to predict the width or weight of the new Pope, or what his stature, long or short, might be, and the Sacred College offered every variety. Three suits had accordingly been prepared; and as there were two cardinals—Howard and Caverot—who tower above their fellows, the longest had been made with a tuck in it to let down should either of them be elected."

What became of this important tuck has never been confided to us. We only know that the Conclave concluded its deliberations at noon on Wednesday, the 20th, announcing as their choice Cardinal Pecci, who was proclaimed Pope under the title of Leo XIII.

A FRENCH ART SCHOOL.

France is a nation of artists. Her people live and move and have their being in an atmosphere of art, and, curious as the combination of the two thoughts may at first appear, herein lies the basis of her commercial prosperity. The financial success of French manufacturing houses grows out of the artistic value of the articles they produce. Their wares are eagerly bought, not because they are superior in strength and durability to those of other nations, for they do not usually excel in these qualities, but because they possess a certain beauty and artistic elegance. The commerce of France depends upon the sale of a thousand and one little articles, such as artificial flowers, jewelry, ribbons, gloves, fans, and various *objets d'art* useful for purposes of decoration. These are not costly to manufacture, but when treated with the taste and finish peculiar to French artists, they become possessed of a value which renders them a source of enormous revenue to the nation where they are produced.

These facts are not only well known to the French government, but the influence of art upon the national life is so fully recognized that every opportunity is offered to young men and women who desire to make it a profession. For many years past there has been throughout France no lack of means for art inspiration and art education. In other cities of that country as well as in Paris there are magnificent collections of pictures and statuary, together with museums filled with rare and beautiful works of art, while schools of design may be looked for in every direction. Some of the latter are even under the direct management of the government, as, for instance, the École des Beaux Arts, and another situated in the Rue de l'École de Médecine. Even in the common schools of France, and especially in those of a higher grade, drawing forms one of the branches of instruction. In the methods prescribed for the special schools there is a full course of drawing for each term, and within late years it has been considered desirable to teach children the rudiments of this art even before they have reached the age of ten years.

Besides these there are numerous day and night schools, subsidized by the government, where both sexes are taught the arts of design. Some of these institutions are little more than large barn-like rooms, furnished with stools, easels, and a stand whereon a nude model is frequently exposed, so that the students may draw the human figure from life. Frequently these schools are under the superintendence of a single master, and during his absence from the scene such interruptions to the course of study as are depicted in our engraving on page 276 often take place. This series of amusing sketches is from the pencil of Walter F. Brown, one of our American artists now residing in Paris. According to the testimony of Mr. Brown, supplied in some notes that accompanied the sketches, the students in the Parisian *ateliers* are a "bushy-haired, enthusiastic lot, often coarse and vulgar," and they make the scene of their studies resemble a small Pandemonium. There is a constant racket; practical and unpractical jokes are incessantly perpetrated; and the air resounds with shrieks, yells, imitations of the voices of animals, whistling, and scraps of song. The character of the French art student is most difficult to understand. Apparently, says Mr. Benjamin, it consists of "a medley of most discordant elements. Often endowed with intense art enthusiasm and wonderful art ability, their conversation in the *atelier* is, on the other hand, any thing but intellectual—brutal and disgusting to a degree that would lead one to consider them convicts of the galleys, while their manners, notwithstanding many of them are men of mature years, are too much in keeping with their language." Upon the entrance of a new student he is usually called upon to treat the whole assemblage. Occasionally, however, their treatment of a neophyte is so discourteous as to be simply abominable. In one instance a young American at one of the government schools refused to comply with the insulting demands of the older students, when they set upon him *en masse*, kicking him in the face, and also injuring him severely in the body.

And yet these untamed and untamable students will frequently dazzle the visitor with their genius for form and color. These small *ateliers* often produce the best artists in France. At a recent exposition in France the Union Centrale, an organization for the encouragement of art study, offered a prize for the industrial art school having the best system of instruction. After much competition it was finally awarded to the school of M. Levasseur. The following paragraph, which illustrates the extent to which the personality of the master and his system are impressed upon the students of these small *ateliers*, is taken from the work of George Ward Nichols on *Industrial Art*, published by the Harpers, and containing an exhaustive review of the various educational art systems of Europe:

> "I went to see M. Levasseur on Friday by appointment. While I understood all he said, and am sure he has a method, though he declares he has not, it will be difficult, if not impossible, to explain what that method is. It is the *man himself*. Perhaps the best thing I can do is briefly to describe the school. A shabby-looking building on a corner (to get light), but with every convenience for work, is crowded day and evening (females in the daytime, males in the evening) with young people from all the industrial classes. Not a calling, however remotely connected with art, but has its neophyte there. I have no room to enumerate, but from the *coiffeur* of actual heads up to the painter of ideal heads, there they are, and directing them a man who lives in the building, existing apparently only for his art; and this brings me back to the point I started from—to the *man himself*. He is the text-book and the method. Surrounded by models in plaster, on paper, with living ones at his command (I saw a class of thirty girls, from fourteen years to twenty, drawing from life), and with assistant teachers, he counts over four hundred pupils; he has more applicants than room. Originally his own, the city subsidized the school and made it municipal. It is now on the broadest basis. The architect, the engineer, the carpenter, the furniture-maker, the decorator of china, tapestry, fans, what not, the jeweller—all find appropriate models and generous instruction. M. Levasseur says it was proposed to establish separate and distinct schools of art in Paris for each and every industry—over thirty different schools would have resulted. But he with many others fought the idea, and it was abandoned. He declares that the principles of true art are the same, whether applied by this or that workman, and ought to be taught in all their widest scope; special schools would cramp the scholar, the general school expands him. It is said that M. Levasseur seemed to exist only for his art; besides his personal he has a national pride in his position, and a ribbon or a medal, or perhaps the cross of the Legion of Honor, is more in his estimation than individual comfort or emolument. M. Levasseur says that he puts every beginner who is not pressed for time to draw the human face."

Undoubtedly the secret of the success of M. Levasseur's school is in his devotion and his rare personal capacity as a teacher. Usually the master of one of these schools gives his services gratuitously. Still he gains a certain compensation, for he impresses his personal influence and genius on his pupils, who become his enthusiastic admirers and disciples, and fight his battles and spread his reputation far and wide. The master is the enthusiasm of the students, while the school, if successful, becomes a crown of glory to the master. Among the *attachés* of the institution there is a common devotion to art which binds them together. This is the secret of the success of the French in every grade of artistic labor. It is the dream of their lives to excel in the production of objects of beauty, and to this desire they subordinate every other. Thus, as said in the beginning of this article, they are a nation of artists, and until a similar enthusiasm for art and a kindred love of the beautiful can be kindled among the youth of our own country, we can never hope that either our artists or our artisans will be able to rival those who have been trained on the soil of a country justly known as *La belle France*.

A PARROT'S FRIENDSHIP.

Birds and animals often form friendships for other animals not of their own family, and show a deep and sincere attachment. Mr. Adolphus Saxe, a celebrated inventor of military musical instruments, had a little green parrot, sickly, weak, and almost featherless. His work-room was full of brass filings and unhealthy odors. Accordingly he placed his old favorite's cage in a large Judas-tree that grew near. The parrot was adroit enough to open her cage, and would fly to the upper branches to enjoy her liberty, returning from time to time to her cage for food. As the cage was often open and untenanted, a sparrow, with the usual modesty of its kind, used to enter and help itself. He got so much at home that even when the parrot returned he would not fly off, but keep on eating as though he were the owner, not an uninvited guest. The parrot not only did not resent the intrusion, but formed a strong friendship for the sparrow, which was evidently reciprocated. When the parrot felt lonely and wanted company, she imitated the sparrow's chirp to invite her friend to pay her a visit, and, unless he was beyond hearing distance, the sparrow always came. On his part, the sparrow, in rainy or winter weather, allowed himself to be shut up in the parrot's cage, utterly disregarding the bolts shut upon him, which he knew would be drawn back in the morning. But one fine—or rather one fatal—day a cat belonging to the neighborhood pounced upon and devoured the sparrow, which, from his familiarity with the house, had not learned to be upon his guard. The parrot, not seeing him return, passed day and night thenceforth in calling upon him that she was never more to see again, and a week afterward she was found lying dead under the tree, whither, by a supreme effort, she had contrived to drag herself.

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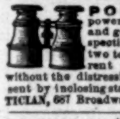

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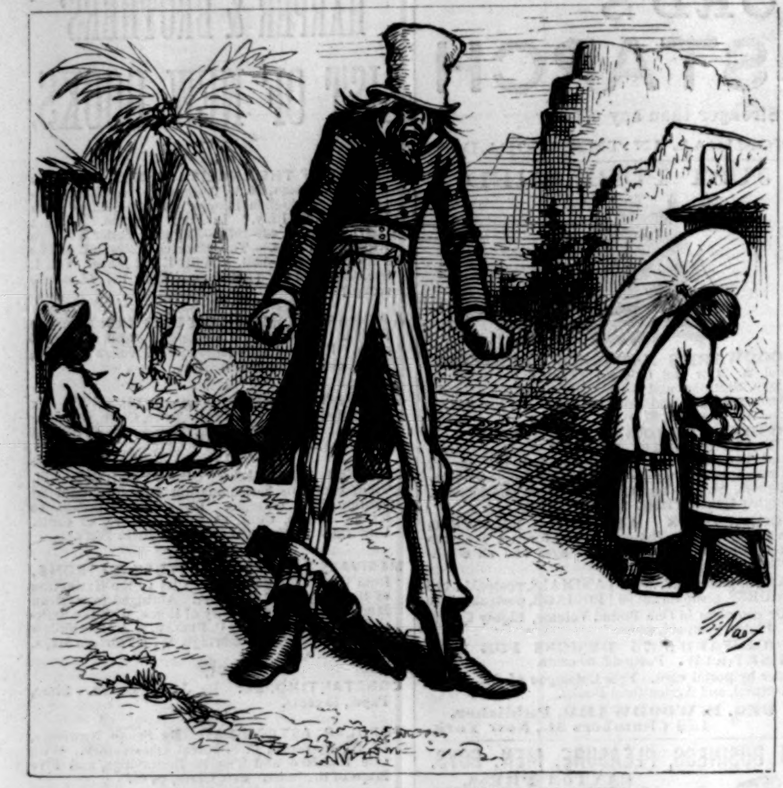

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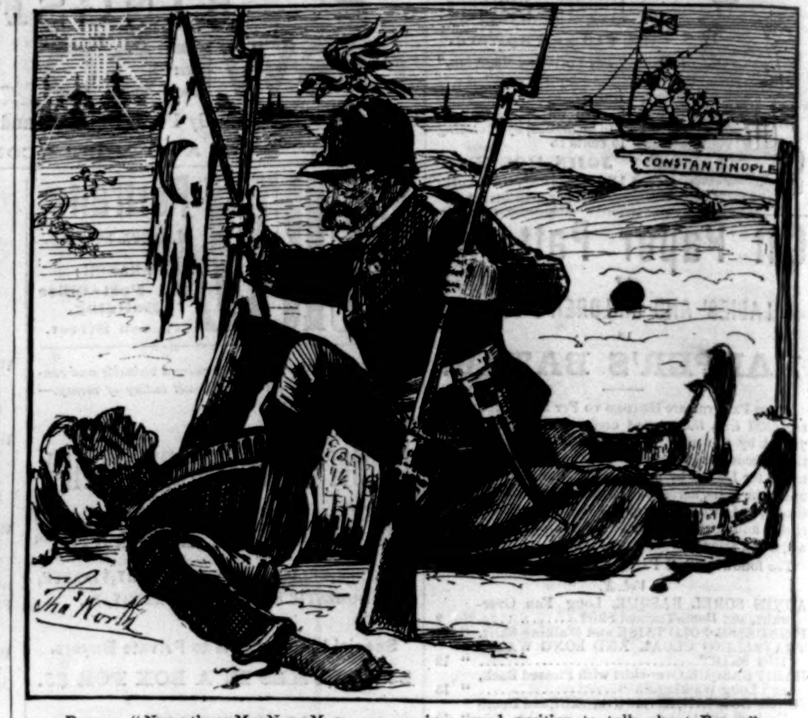

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The interior of the mosque, particularly when lighted up by a multitude of lamps on the nights of the Ramadan, is infinitely more magnificent than the outside, though mats and carpets hide the waved marble floor designed to imitate the sea, and rude Turkish inscriptions have taken the place of the pictures of saints and Madonnas that once adorned the walls. The flattened central cupola, the two half domes, and the three semicircular cupolas on either side blend into one vast expanse of roof, whose topmost point is 180 feet above the ground. Forty windows in the lower rim of the dome give light to the interior, while a gallery ledge running round its base offers an opportunity to the adventurous to gain a view of the mosque from this exalted height. Costly stones from all parts of the world are gathered in the building. Another noticeable feature is the splendid mosaic-work, and especially the four angels, each with four wings, that look down from the arch under the dome. Moslem tradition calls them the archangels Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, and Uriel, and adds that before the days of MOHAMMED they uttered the oracles of God aloud. In the cupola it was once written luminously: "God has founded it, and it will not be overthrown; God will support it in the blush of dawn." This has disappeared, and in its place is an Arabic inscription, of which the letters are said to be thirty feet long: "God is the light of the heaven and earth." These letters were inserted by the skill of one, an Arab caligraphist, who bore the remarkable name of BITSCHIAKDSCHISADE MUSTAPHA TSCHELEBI.

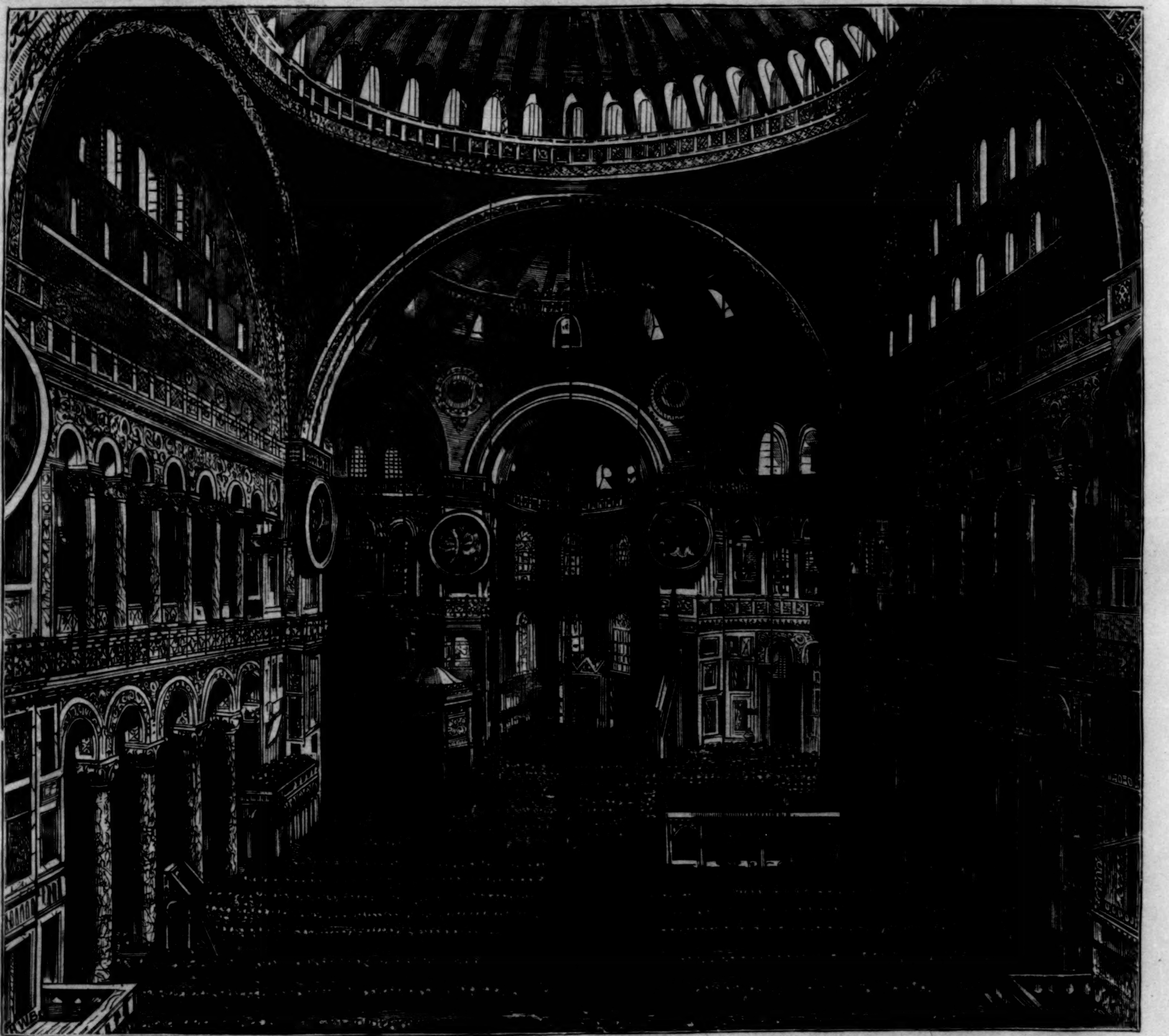
The great glory of St. Sophia is, however, its columns. These are spoils from the temples of the Sun at Baalbec, Diana at Ephesus, Isis in Egypt, Minerva in Greece, and Apollo at Delos. The eight of porphyry, which help to bear the vault, come from the Temple of the Sun. As many of green granite from the Temple of Ephesus support the Women's Choir; while twenty-four of Egyptian granite on the basement, and sixty of various marbles above, keep up the galleries on either side, and, with seven lesser columns at the door, make up the mystic number of 107, the number of pillars of the House of Wisdom.

Many of the legends connected with St. Sophia are of an interesting character, but those connected with the purchase of the ground are the most curious as well as the most ancient. One story runs that when JUSTINIAN chose the site for the new church there was one old woman that owned a piece of land which it was found necessary to include. The land was appraised at a low rate, and she disputed the appraisal. The Emperor condescended to visit her for the purpose of arranging the matter, and she was so overcome by this honor that she refused to take any money for her land, but only demanded that she might be buried near the church. It is said that the Emperor kept his word, and the good woman sleeps now somewhere in the vicinity of the sacred edifice.

Another piece of land belonged to a shoe-maker, who refused to part with it except at an exorbitant price, and the additional privilege or honor that on days of public races in the Hippodrome such honors should be rendered him as were offered to the Emperor himself. JUSTINIAN granted all this, but made it an empty farce by decreeing a burlesque. A shoe-maker was stationed at the head of the course before each race commenced. Before starting, the runners bowed reverently to their backs, and thus supreme ridicule was attached to the granted honor. One ANTIOCHUS did not wish to sell his land, and he was tricked out of it by a friend of the Emperor. ANTIOCHUS loved horse-racing to such an extent that it had become a mania with him. On the day of the public races in the Hippodrome, STRATEGIUS locked him up, and only let him go to the races after having executed a deed presenting the land to JUSTINIAN.

After the land was finally obtained, the legend runs that an angel appeared in a dream to the Emperor and gave him a plan of the church. The same angel appeared thrice during the progress of the work, and when the cupola was nearly finished, and money grew scarce in the royal coffers, the heavenly guide led the monarch to a cavern where he supplied him with all the gold he needed for the completion of the building.

JUSTINIAN is said to have determined that the magnificence of his building should excel that of the ancient Temple at Jerusalem. Apparently his desire was gratified, at least to his own satisfaction, for upon its completion he is said to have raised his hands to heaven, exclaiming, "I have surpassed thee, SOLOMON!"

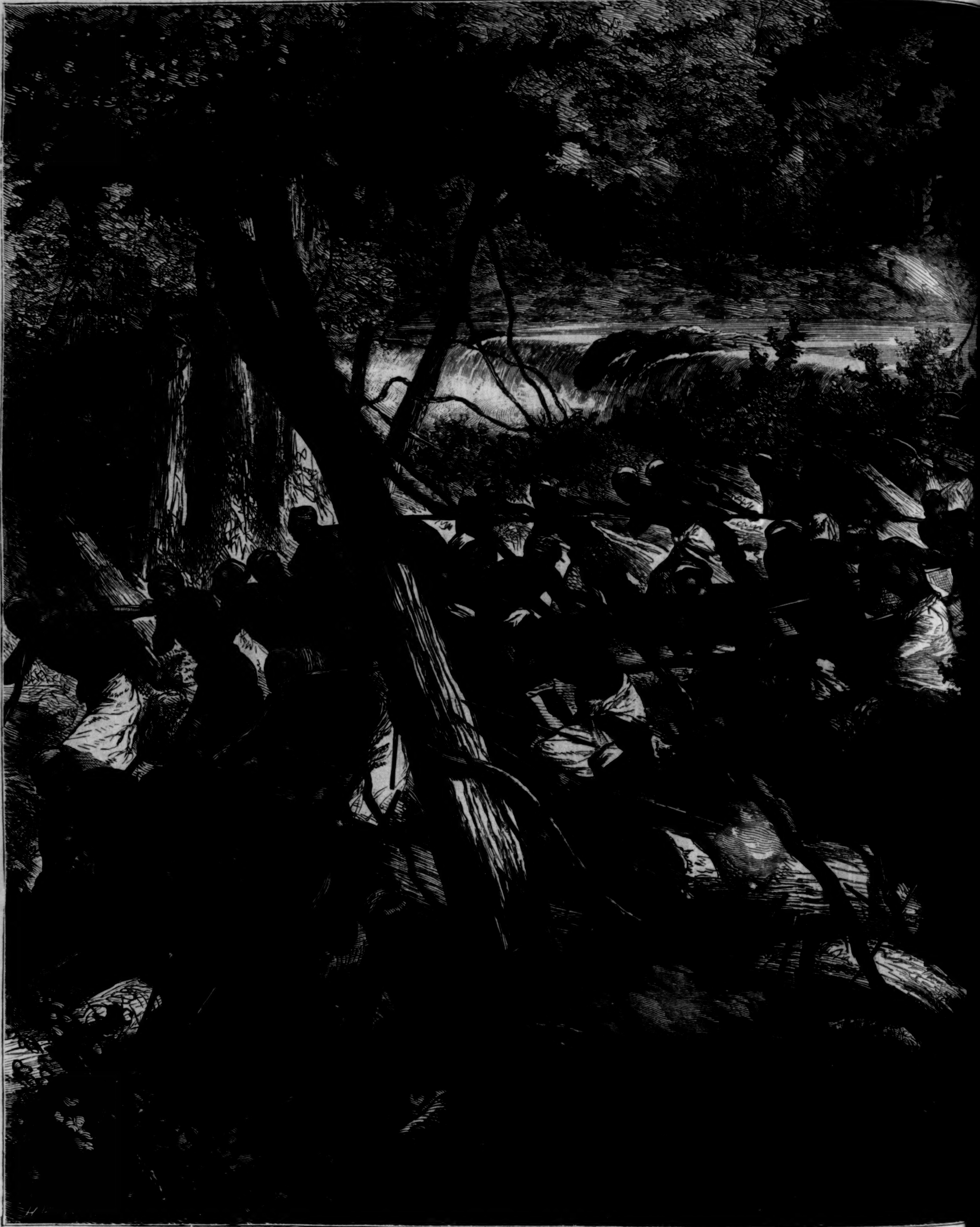


THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE—VIEW OF THE INTERIOR.

STANLEY IN AFRICA.

THE experiences of STANLEY during his persistent effort to follow the course of the Congo furnished material for a number of thrilling sketches, several of which have already appeared in the *Weekly*. The course of this river, which was fully described in the last issue of our paper, runs, in the vicinity of the equator, through dense forests. In many cases the expedition was forced to forsake the stream, rendered unnavigable by an apparently interminable series of cataracts, and cut a path through the jungle where they were exposed to constant danger from the hostility of various cannibal tribes. From our double-page engraving an idea may be gathered of the complication of difficulties with which the heroic band was obliged to contend. STANLEY, in alluding to the sketch from which the picture was prepared, says: "Such an admirable illustration as the above will give an idea of a short hour we lived through while hauling our canoes past one of the cataracts under the equator. By night a road has been cut about 500 yards in length through a thick forest and thicker undergrowth, and what we have clipped out of the woods we have arranged on the ground, over which at sunrise a working party has been detailed to haul the canoes. The women, children, and goods before dawn, under an escort, have been taken to the new camp, with its impenetrable stockade. At the old camp are a dozen sharp-shooters lying in wait outside in the jungle. Along the flank on the forest side are the sharp-shooters who have been detailed for the defense of the working party in the new camp. FRANK and a dozen good men are sent to defend it. It is an hour that no one must be idle in, for it is absolutely necessary that the early daylight should be spent in moving from one camp to the other, before the cannibals have gathered in the woods in force, as they have been accustomed to. For we have found that the night hours are the best to work in, the cannibals having a horror of the dark, dread wood, with its weird noises and startling interruptions. During the day they have shown themselves vigorous and audacious, but the pickets in the undergrowth, silent and watchful, and the system of constructing fortified camps at each end of the short track, have baffled them hitherto in their furious assaults, and they have found that immediately musketry is heard, detachments issue in their rear. Still they have not yet been taught to realize that their numbers avail them nothing, and that it is better to permit us to proceed on our way without persistently attacking men in the hope of getting a fine dinner on human flesh."

STANLEY was the first among African explorers to plunge boldly into the Cannibal Lands with a firm determination to make his way through them. Other explorers had hovered upon their edges, but a short experience had been sufficient to make them doubt the propriety of an extended acquaintance. CAMERON, who arrived in this neighborhood in June, 1874, writes: "A harangue was now given by the kirangosi of the



MR. H. M. STANLEY'S ANGLO-AMERICAN EXPEDITION FOR THE EXPLORA

Arab caravan to the effect that we were about to enter the dangerous country of the Manyuéma, the natives of which were more cruel and treacherous than any we had yet met. Consequently stragglers would most certainly be cut off, killed, and probably eaten. I consoled myself with the idea that I was so very thin that they would not consider me worth the trouble of eating, for there was hardly a meal for one man on my bones." Still CAMERON allowed himself to be turned southward. His people were afraid to venture further into this dangerous district, and naturally it was impossible for him to proceed without them. Such experiences as he did have of the Manyuéma were not entirely bad, but as regards their cannibalistic propensities he leaves no possible doubt: "The people here seemed very affectionate among themselves, and decidedly more prolific than any other race I had seen in Africa; but though endowed with many good qualities, it can not be denied that they are cannibals, and most filthy cannibals. Not only do they eat the bodies of enemies killed in battle, but also of people who die of disease. They prepare the corpses by leaving them in running water until they are nearly putrid, and then devour them without any further cooking. They also eat all sorts of carrion, and their odor is very foul and revolting."

LIVINGSTONE also gives us many details of the Manyuéma. "Their country," he tells us, "is all surpassingly beautiful. Palms crown the highest heights of the mountains, and their gracefully bended fronds wave beautifully in the wind, and the forests, usually about five miles broad, between groups of villages, are indescribable. Climbers of cable size in great numbers are hung among the gigantic trees; many unknown wild fruits abound, some the size of a child's head, and strange birds and monkeys are every where. The soil is excessively rich, and the people, although isolated by old feuds that are never settled, cultivate largely."

The Manyuéma were LIVINGSTONE'S stumbling-block in the way of exploring the Lualaba. Patiently and persistently he endeavored to organize a band and gather supplies for an expedition along its shores. But the fear of his people when it was proposed to penetrate further into the district inhabited by the "bad Manyuéma," and his own increasing bodily ailments, deterred him from making the venture. His disappointment at not being able to explore the mighty river was intense. He could only stand and gaze at the Lualaba rushing past his feet with irresistible force, and hiding itself in the forests whither he could persuade no man to follow it. It is melancholy to read the paragraph which he writes at Nyangwé: "I went down to take a good look at the Lualaba here. It is narrower than it is higher up, but it is still a mighty river—at least 3000 yards broad, and always deep. It can never be waded at any point or at any time of the year; the people unhesitatingly declare that if any one tried to ford it, he would assuredly be lost. It has many large
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F CENTRAL AFRICA—AMENITIES OF EXPLORATION UNDER THE EQUATOR.

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manner in which he communicated his plans to Francis Pocock shows at once how perfectly he understood the perilous nature of the task he was about to undertake and his confidence in his own ability to surmount all dangers and obstacles:

"'Ah, my friend Frank! Do you realize the full import of the decision I have to make to-night?' I said to Francis Pocock, as he came in to spend an evening with me at Nyangwé. 'Do you think that to explore and penetrate this mystic unknown, with its cannibalism and ferocity and dread dangers, is an easy work? If it were easy, why do not these Arabs, with their large force of slaves, push through and reap that immense harvest of ivory which is rotting in the wilds? If it were easy, why did not Livingstone, with his sublime contempt for death and ardent wish to complete his work, brave the unknown? Why did not Cameron—eager, young, and gallant, with his prospects of promotion, reward, and welcome, and free applause of the savants before him—attempt it with his equipped force of forty-seven Sniders? It is a serious question, my friend. To tell the truth, I am on fire to begin it; but if you can suggest a strong reason to explore other and less dangerous paths, I should like to hear it.'

"'Toss up, Sir,' said he. 'Heads for the river, and tails for Katanga and the South.'

"'Try it, and let us see what this rupee will make of it.'

"The rupee was tossed three times, and each time 'tails' turned upward.

"'Tut, Frank, you did not toss up right, my son. Let me try.'

"The first two out of three again; but I did not like it at all, and consigned the rupee into the chest as a false conjurer. We then tried straws—the short straws for the South, the long straws for the river Lualaba—and again were we disappointed, for Frank persisted in drawing out the short straws, and in leaving the long straws in my hands.

"We fell to discussing the chances of success, and worked ourselves into a passionate desire before midnight for following the river by land first, until we should reach some tribes which could be induced to sell us some canoes, and then to float down the river, as we imagined then, by forest and town, without exertion or trouble. But how different was the reality to those poetical conceptions imagination had kindled and our own ardor had conjured up!"

What the difference was may be fully understood by the sketches we have published. To quote Stanley's own words, by means of these, together with fragments of his story as told in connection with them, our readers "may now at least divine the nature of our struggles to gain civilization, of our desperate battles with the cannibals, of the patience required to cross the cataract districts with our fleet, of our daily terrors and griefs at the loss of dear and valued comrades during the passage of fifty-seven falls and rapids that interrupt the flow of the mighty river through the maritime region. I have briefly described a few exciting contests out of many—contests with human demons who delighted in craft, fraud, treachery, and cruelty, who regarded us much as we regarded the noble beasts that roved over the plains of Usukuma, as so many heads of seasoned game to be slaughtered and carved, and broiled and eaten. They attacked us with spears, assegais, poisoned arrows, and muskets, and at one time they actually surrounded our camp with hidden nets. They drove poisoned sticks into the ground,